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Vol. X. No. 1.

THE UNION COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Nos omnes, sub legibus Minervæ sumus fratres.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

CONDUCTED BY THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

SCHENECTADY:
WISEMAN & SEYMOUR, PRINTERS.

N.B. If possible, please give us a notice.
Yours Truly
C H Mills.

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Portrait of Hon. Ward E. Hunt.

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Editors:

SENATE.

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PHILOMATHEAN.
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HON. WARD E. HUNT—CLASS '28.

[WE are under obligations to S. R. Wells, Publisher and Editor of the *Phrenological Journal*, for the privilege of republishing the following biography of Mr. Hunt, from the July number of his Magazine.—EDS.]

THE present Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, Ward Hunt, was born in Utica, Oneida County, on the fourteenth day of June, A. D. 1810, and is thus in his sixty-first year, on the verge of the old prescribed term of judicial capacity once established by the laws of our State, though now happily abolished, which cut off some of the best professional wisdom and talent in their prime and vigor, relegating Kent to his library to prepare his Commentaries, and transferring Nelson to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, to adorn it yet for a score of years beyond the empirical time of mental decrepitude as formerly admeasured.

The Hunt family is of English origin; but for a century and a half the records show a New York branch of the original stock, of which Judge Hunt is one. His father,

Montgomery Hunt, was a gentleman of education, and for many years cashier of the old bank of Utica, which was indebted to his financial ability for the marked reputation it acquired as a leading and principal country bank, with a high standing in New York City as the commercial centre. When a boy of about fourteen years, Hunt lost the care and affection of a most excellent mother, who is remembered as a woman of genial manners, a generous heart, and a fine intellect.

Mr. Hunt's education was liberal. He entered Union College in his seventeenth year, and was graduated with credit. He then attended the law school of Judge James Gould, at Litchfield, Connecticut, and the course being completed, he returned to Utica and entered the office of Hiram Denio, since eminent as a Judge of the Court of Appeals, and was admitted to the bar in 1831, having just reached lawful age.

In those days the professional business afforded by banks was important to a young lawyer, and the connection of his father and friends with the Bank of Utica at once secured to the son a favorable register, and his partnership with Judge Denio shortly after, added materially to his professional prospects. He soon commanded a lucrative practice, which, together with his patrimony, placed him in an independent position. The bar of Oneida County, so long distinguished for men of legal eminence, was of a character to demand ability of all who sought distinction. Mr. Hunt had to emulate or compete with such antagonists as Beardsley, Kirkland, Foster, and Spencer. He was always a deliberate and orderly speaker, and without any pretense to mere rhetorical display he possesses an aptness in illustrative anecdote and allusion that pleasantly enlivens his more formal speech, as also his ordinary conversation. His practice was of the miscellaneous character common to country districts—now law, then equity, now that of an attorney, then of a solicitor, and commonly as counselor in all. He was connected with some of the most important trials, and won distinction at the bar for clearness of mind and fairness in his conduct of cases.

Judge Hunt has been twice married. His earliest political associations were with the old Democratic party, of which General Jackson was then the Presidential candi-

date, and for whom his first electoral ballot was cast. A few years after, in 1838, Mr. Hunt was elected by that party to the Assembly of New York, and served as a member in 1839.

On the formation of the Republican party in 1856, when General Fremont became its candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Hunt severed his political connection with the Democratic party, and acted zealously with the new organization, to which he adhered until elevated to the bench. In 1865 he was nominated by that party as its candidate at large for Judge of the Court of Appeals, and the result of the contest showed his election by a majority exceeding 32,000 votes. This placed him in the judicial seat, long most ably occupied by his early partner, Judge Denio, whom he succeeded in Janu ry, 1866.

In 1868 the resignation of John K. Porter as Judge of the Court of Appeals, and the death of the Chief Judge, William B. Wright, concurred to give Judge Hunt the position of Chief Judge of that court.

Mr. Hunt's preference always was a seat on the bench. In his case it was signalized by a sudden leap to the highest judicial eminence in the State, without any of the tedious climbing from step to step, which is the usual precursor to such elevations.

Of Judge Hunt's judicial ability, let his opinions as published in the "New York Reports" speak to the sense of the profession which can best judge of them. Of his demeanor in his high office, we may say that he is urbane and courteous, of even and well-controlled temper, and that he sustains the dignity of his high place with entire satisfaction. He has a fine personal presence, and is in the full enjoyment of all his natural and acquired gifts, physical and mental.

He is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which he was educated, and has held therein honorable official trusts; and in all his relations, both public and private, he is everywhere esteemed for the correctness and purity of his life.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

CHARLES DICKENS,

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MODERN SCHOOL OF BRITISH NOVELISTS.

Nearly half a century since a series of sketches, descriptive of cockney life and character, purporting to be written by one signing himself "Boz," appeared in an English newspaper. These papers attracted some attention at the time; inquiries were occasionally made concerning their author, but unsuccessfully.

A short time subsequent to this "Boz" published the "Pickwick Papers." Public attention was instantly arrested, and curious inquiry immediately renewed regarding "Boz," with more success, for the name of Charles Dickens, till now unknown to fame, sprang into a celebrity without parallel in the history of letters. With every succeeding number the demand for "Pickwick" grew greater and greater. England's boundaries were too narrow to confine the enthusiasm; it spread to the United States, and burned as warmly here as in the Old Country. Republished in every conceivable form, long before the completion of the series, the author's name was rendered immortal. Nor was he known only to the English-speaking nations. All Europe read and admired, in its various tongues, his productions, and the kindly nature of poor Pickwick, the ready wit of Sam. Weller, were almost as well known in cold Russia as in Dickens's own home.

It is a matter of surprise to many that Dickens's works should have been so well known in this country, but the truth is, he is as thoroughly appreciated here as in London. We are of English origin, and English literature speaks to us in no foreign tongue. But all this aside, there is something in the words of an author like Dickens, something which extends its influence far beyond all national boundary lines, something which cannot be ex-

plained, and yet which is perceptible to all; an irresistible power moving us onward, and yet we know not how. As has been aptly said, "the history of an artist's life should be, in the main, only the history of his works." But it would be impossible in a paper of this character and length, to minutely examine all of the many works of this, (need we say?) great writer, even though we felt at all equal to so great an undertaking; nor does the subject demand such an examination. We are simply to speak of him as the Representative of the Modern School of English Novelists, to study his style, to compare it with that of other authors, to ascertain its effect on modern romantic literature, and last, but not least, to speak of the good, not to letters, but to the state, to the human race, his pen has done.

If the old proverb, *vox populi vox dei*, be true, Charles Dickens to-day is the greatest writer that ever lived, for never was an author so popular, (in the true sense of the word,) and deservedly so, as he.

It was said by some, that "Dickens had gone up like a rocket, but would come down like the stick;" rather might he have been compared to a hitherto unknown planet, which suddenly bursts forth in magnificent effulgence before an astonished world. Literary reputations very often come suddenly, like a volcanic eruption, and as quickly are lost. An author may be almost worshiped by one generation, and despised by another. That great teacher, experience, makes us look with incredulous eye on the lions of our age, and causes us to think that the future will not know them. But we must not too hastily judge. "The author who merely reflects the manners of his age; the poet, who catches only the whimsical mannerism of the moment, who studies chiefly the effects of exaggerated conceits, or unusual and distorted language, cannot expect to live beyond the time allotted for transient styles of thought and expression." Genius alone is immortal;

genius sympathizing with humanity, expressing itself in words drawn, not from sectional cant, but from the great fountain head of the mother tongue, pure and undefiled. The writer thus endowed does not conjure up some wild chimera, something that could by no possibility exist, and dish it up for the demoralized literary palates of his contemporaries; but he speaks to them in the language of their everyday life; he shows them what they are, and by what they are surrounded; human nature is the foundation of his work; humanity, its superstructure; he shows us our duties, our position, and makes us feel, no matter what our station, be it high or low, that we are all members of, and bound in, the universal society of Human Brotherhood. He who thus writes, dies not with his age; his contemporaries love him, future ages honor him. Is not Charles Dickens such a writer?

Archbishop Sancroft once said to a celebrated actor, "Pray, Mr. Betterton, can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage, speaking of things imaginary, affect your audience as if they were real, while we in the church speak of things real, which our congregations receive only as if they were imaginary?" "Why, really, my Lord," answered Betterton, "I don't know; unless it is that we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary." The actor's reply applies not alone to "you in the pulpit;" we could as well substitute any other profession, not even omitting letters. We may in our "inner conscience" know how things really are; we, as the Philosophers say, may have an intuitive knowledge, a something which all feel, but none can express; but when we attempt to elaborate our intuition, we speak of things real, as if they were imaginary. Once in an age an author appears, who writes imaginary things in such a manner, that, were the circumstances of his plot really to

occur in actual life, we might conceive of his *dramatis personæ* acting as he represents them to act. Dickens's forte, his genius, lies in this very ability of reproduction,—this capacity to express his thoughts naturally, to speak of things *possible*, as they might *probably* happen. He portrays objects and utters thoughts which instantly appear obvious to us, but of which we never before thought.

"In what is familiar and near at hand," says Carlyle, "the ordinary writer, like the ordinary man, discerns no form nor comeliness; * * * the true writer, we imagine, never has far to seek for a subject; the elements of his art are in him, and around him on every hand." What thoughts would suggest themselves to us on our seeing a poor, half-crazed, half-starved porter waiting patiently, hopefully, sorrowfully, before some grand old cathedral, to gather by honest toil a bare pittance, sufficient to keep soul and body together? Perhaps a feeling of sorrow would come over us, we would pass on, and soon he would be forgotten. What did Dickens see in this? Read "The Chimes." In this simple little Christmas story truths are brought to light, truths which appeal to humanity, not for a day, but for all time;—truths which cannot be forgotten as soon as the book be read; "questions of starving laborer and struggling artisan; duties of the rich and pretenses of the wordly; the cruelty of unequal laws; and the pressure of awful temptations on the friendless, unassisted poor." This is what Dickens saw; and for the thoughts which suggested themselves to him, read his own words: "Better for the poor man, if we cannot yield him some rightful claim to nature's kindly gifts, that he should be wholly set aside as an intruder at her table. But better far for us, that we know his claims, and take them to our hearts in time." Purse-proud charity, benevolence (so-called) vaunting itself before the world, is shown up with a bitterness, with a sarcasm of a Voltaire. Patient,

sympathizing poverty, forgetting itself in the presence of distress more pressing than its own, is touched with the skill of a Milton. But this is not all. He teaches us how short the path is, between bodily want and the soul's destruction.

In attempting to compare our author with others, we find more difficulty than was anticipated, and we ask ourselves, with whom can he be compared. Suppose we take Fielding, "poor Harry Fielding," the wit, the caricaturist, the prodigal; or perhaps Tobias Smallett, who, not so great a genius as the former, was not the less rich and inventive. No! we will leave these untouched, fearing they might lose, by the comparison, the honor so justly won. Shall it be Scott? In truth, save Shakespeare, no other writer has given us characters and incidents at all to be compared to Dickens. But Shakespeare and Scott are names too sacred to be spoken of in such a connection. We must look farther along the list; and, coming down to Dickens's own time, see what we find. Jerrold? Thackeray? Yes Thackeray! Dickens and Thackeray being contemporary writers, and having embraced the same general style of popular novel writing, may perhaps be better contrasted than any others. Some prefer the one, some the other; and the partisans of each contend with a warmth verging on to the controversial, for the superiority of their favorite. We might rather congratulate ourselves on the possession of two such writers to compare with each other. When a similar controversy was gotten up relative to the respective merits of Schiller and Gœthe, the latter said: "The fools! they ought to be thankful they have two such men to quarrel about." We prefer the one or the other, simply as we are mentally or intellectually constituted, as we would choose between two things equally valuable.

Although Dickens and Thackeray followed the same

literary walk, yet they are by no means alike; they differ in style, language, in fact almost everything. "Dickens is diffuse, his genius is by far the most exuberant; his faults are the faults of excess." Thackeray, on the other hand, is neat, elegant. Both have great command of language, both are perspicuous. "But Dickens overlays his works from sheer wealth of resource," while Thackeray brings out detail more clearly and distinctly. The difference in style shows the difference in education; with Dickens it is genius, pure and undefiled, unbiased by the fetters of conventionalism; nature speaks in every word he writes. Thackeray's is a thoroughly disciplined mind, showing early and great education. "Thackeray's is the mind closer and more compact; Dickens's the mind of a looser, richer, freer texture." Dickens's sense of the ludicrous is great; everything, too, is seen through a comical medium; endowed with a wonderful receptive faculty, his capability of reproducing his thoughts, of setting them before his readers in the most effective and impressive style, cannot be exceeded. Thackeray seems to pay but little attention to externals (comparatively), but looks more to the inside, like a man always communing with himself. Dickens's is the happier disposition, the kindlier nature; he lives in love and charity with all the world; he chooses rather to look on the bright side, at nobler, better things, and sees in every dark cloud a silver lining. Thackeray differs here again,—he goes to the other extreme and misanthropically chooses the dark side. But as is the man so are his works; nature and disposition cannot be concealed. As well might we find fault with an artist for depicting some horrid scene so truthfully that it curdles our very blood, because he did not paint something beautiful and good, something pleasing alike to the eye and the feelings. A power beyond our control comes in here to produce the difference.

Dickens's place in the classification of literature is a difficult one to define. If we take Thackeray as a type of the realistic school, and, perhaps, Bulwer of the romantic; Dickens would come nearer to the grotesque.

Thackeray's characters, although very often morbidly conceived, are for the most part true to life, and are described with fidelity to nature; they live and act in the midst of ordinary, familiar scenes, so that they would appear common-place but for the exquisite taste with which the work is done. As the rustic said of Garrick: "Is that the great Mr. Garrick? Why he acts just as any other man would." So we cannot read Thackeray, without being constantly reminded of people whom we know. Such portraits require immense culture, and profound study, which perhaps is one reason why Thackeray's genius was so late in its development.

Bulwer, on the other hand, deals in impossible characters;—men of great gifts and splendid achievements, who dazzle by their power and their success, indulge in reveries and live in an atmosphere of high romantic sentiment. Power of all kinds is Bulwer's delight. The people of his novels are like the denizens of a child's air castle. He revels in scenes and situations. Thackeray and Dickens would never have painted such characters as Bulwer, because they had never seen anybody like them.

Dickens's characters, for the most part, are exaggerated, but not as Bulwer's are. He takes a quaint conceit, a peculiar kink of humor, a pathetic chord, perhaps, and magnifies it. His people are all originals, but so original that sometimes we can hardly conceive of their existence. Their grotesqueness makes us laugh, their humor charms, and their pathos moves us, but yet we feel that they are exaggerated. As for instance Uriah Heep or little Dombey, or the individual who was spontaneously *combusted*, leaving behind him an odor of burnt fat, or of many others

we could mention. We must acknowledge that Dickens is very often extravagant, but, unlike Bulwer, he is original. There is no end to his kaleidoscope patterns, no limit to the fecundity of his genius.

If the object of the novel is truth to nature, perhaps Thackeray is the most successful writer. But if the test be the unflagging interest with which the novel is read, Dickens certainly carries off the palm, since his works alike please all classes and conditions of men, while Thackeray is little appreciated by the uncultivated and unrefined.

Thackeray's novels are simply works of art,—pure intellectual problems, worked out without purpose, prejudice or distorting influence, according to the legitimate conditions of the problem. But Dickens, as we will hereafter attempt to show, always has a purpose, an object in view. According to critical canons, this must put our author below Thackeray, just as in general society, a man who has a prejudice or theory to talk up is always less agreeable than one who is simply courteous and forgets about himself and his pet ideas. Be this as it may, Dickens is an exception to all rule. Genius is bound by no law. All criticisms yield to the logic of success, and Dickens to-day is acknowledged by all the world as the first of novelists.

If we look back a hundred years at the writers, and their productions, of that time, then trace the progress of romantic literature down to our own day, we will mark, in its various stages, wonderful changes.

In the beginning, few and far between, the novels might be counted, as the first bright stars of evening, fore-runners of the myriads soon to come. One century ago scarcely a dozen good English works of this character existed; now they are numbered by the hundred. Then gifted writers looked only to the metaphysical, the ab-

struse sciences; now we have more eminent names in romantic than in any other branch of literature. The novel has become "the vehicle of genius," the favorite means of instruction and reformation. "It is the mirror in which society looks, in order that she may become acquainted with her own countenance." Various theories have been advanced to account for this change. Formerly romance and poetry were synonomous terms. Sublimity was the aim and object of those who sought honors in this field; no matter how absurd, how improbable the subject, if it could but be rendered so ethereal as to be beyond the comprehension of the readers, it was all that was necessary. I speak now of the writings as a class, and will, in all reverence, say that there are some noble exceptions to this too general rule. The world has grown older since then and requires stronger food. Poetry might represent a light and dainty repast, taken not because we need it, but simply because it affords pleasure; while prose is the substantial meal which nourishes and strengthens us. We are a matter-of-fact, dollars-and-cents people, looking at everything in the light of advantage or disadvantage; nor do we leave this to the sterner realities of life; we carry it everywhere, in our business, in our pleasures, yes! even in our religion. Consequently we demand that style of writing which best represents our surroundings, which depicts people, scenes and incidents, as we feel they really are. Prose is at home everywhere; the sublime or ridiculous, the serious or witty, the sad or gay, are alike handled with equal facility; and hence, it has become the popular medium for conveying thought.

Dickens, eminently practical in all his ideas, did not aspire to the poetical, but only to everyday occurrences and ordinary people. He had something to write and he wrote it, not in high-flown language, but in good, plain Anglo-Saxon. The people read and appreciated; liter-

ary men read and felt that a revolution had come about in literature. The influence of his example cannot be measured; it has brought a wonderful change in the style of novel writing, which has shown itself for the last twenty years. The public mind has become educated and demands a higher standard. Sensational stories, overdrawn, unnatural, morbidly written to suit diseased taste, are thrown aside with disgust, and we look for something better, higher than the trash, and we say, how much Dickens has done towards this education?

It remains for us now to speak of the great good he has wrought out for mankind. But what words can adequately express this, what mind compass it? Dickens always writes for a purpose; he has some object in view, some end to accomplish, and having this object, he perseveres until it is attained. His works, it has been remarked, "are not constructed merely upon abstract principles of art; they are the out-pourings of a heart that feels deeply all that belongs to the race; of a mind that sees clearly the wrongs and sufferings under which half mankind are bowed down." As a good citizen he deems it his right, yes! his duty, to lend his own voice and influence to remedy the evils affecting his country; but he does not quietly wait for these evils to present themselves through some happy chance to his sight and notice; he seeks them out, and having found them, presents them to the world clothed in all their baseness, in all their injustice. Each of his works is a brilliant piece of special pleading (to use a law term) for the correction of some abuse, and consequently has had a wonderful influence in reforming existing evils. Dotheboy's Halls live only in the past. The dens of misery and vice, the sinks of corruption, of which he wrote, are not. The wants and necessities of the poor have been shown to the world, not in that garb of vulgarity in which most authors thought

proper to dress them; but clothed in so chaste and yet so natural a costume that innocence herself could leave them without contamination. "He directs our attention to the helpless victims of untoward circumstances, to the inprisoned debtor, the orphan pauper, the parish apprentice, the juvenile criminal and to the tyranny which, caused by paternal neglect and the mercenary brutality of a pedagogue, may with impunity be exercised in schools." Dickens never unnecessarily works upon our sympathies or endeavors to prove to us that wrong is right, to paint vice in such colors as to make it inviting to unwary eyes, or, by means of apparently logical arguments, make us lose faith in humanity. Though perhaps sometimes exaggerated, his characters are exaggerated consistently, so that, placed as they are, our experience teaches us they must be as they are. We find no monsters of unmitigated and irredeemable villainy, no fiend in human shape without one spark of goodness, no combination of angel and devil capable at once of the most generous and most vile actions. It is to this truthfulness of representation, carrying conviction with it, that is due the effectiveness of his writings. We can hardly doubt the evidence of our own senses, or put aside as improbable or untrue, that which we know to be occurring around us every day and hour. Yet when we see things in part, often and without directly feeling their effects, they fail to produce any great impression; but when they are brought before the mind as they really are, clothed in all their vileness, we at least realize in what a world of iniquity we live. Dickens, in his peculiar manner, has brought the world to a realizing sense of many things, which before, from carelessnesss or thoughtlessness had been overlooked or forgotten. The moral effect of his writings is by no means entirely due to his descriptive power, knowledge of human nature, and wonderful pathos;

but also to his keen satire, his application of ridicule; and with what good sense does he use it? Sorrow and suffering are never touched upon in this way, or circumstances which can be rendered ridiculous by being unconventional. He strikes at those abuses which all regard as fit objects for ridicule. "He does not indeed confine himself to such as are obvious, but elicits and illustrates absurdities, which, though at once acknowledged when displayed, are plausible, and comparatively unobserved."

If we look back over the historic pages of English literature, our eye encounters many, very many famous names. We read, and our mind conjures up images of them all. Shakespeare, Johnson, Spencer, Sidney, Goldsmith, Scott, Southey, and an hundred others march by in grand procession. We think of them and of their history, of their trials, of their sufferings; and we ask ourselves, who of them all, during life, received a just appreciation of his worth, a due reward for his labors. The world seems loath to grant its commendation to the living author, but waits until, placed beyond its reach, he lies as the dust of which he was made; then at last does it realize his true greatness, and award, but too late, the honor due to him. Many a spark of genius which needed but little fanning to produce a brilliant flame, has been smothered by the cold contempt of the world. Many a name now "unknown and unsung," might, but for want of encouragement, have been enrolled in golden letters with the others we love so well. But Dickens was the happy exception to this, alas! too general rule; he did not go down to his grave unrewarded, unknown.

The entire originality of his style, the surprising power of his writings, appearing suddenly, like a comet, to the astonished view of the world, took everything by storm. We looked, wondered, and acknowledged his superiority. It was not the work of a lifetime for Dickens to become

famous; his first work made him so; and if he had died when that was finished, he would have raised to his memory a monument more lasting than that of sculptured marble or graven brass. But this was not to be. In the hands of a beneficent Creator, Dickens was destined to work out much good for humanity, through the medium of his pen; he was destined to bring those great truths, so ably advocated by Dr. Channing, but which before were not generally known or appreciated, to be understood by the world at large. Justice to the wronged, aid to the needy, consolation to the sorrowing, were the objects at which he always aimed. Charity actuated him in all his works, love for humanity is hidden in every word he wrote.

The great world of letters acknowledges him king, and bows in humble reverence before his exalted throne. He governs not by force of arms; his motto is the Golden Rule, his object the good of humanity, his sceptre, a mightier than the sword,—the pen.

An intellect keen and observant, a fancy brightening the smallest details with its lambent touch, a genius whose fecundity in invention no novelist, at least, has equalled; undefaced by the erratic qualities so common in the history of literature, but directed by a judgment which the most cautious business man might envy, together with wonderful common sense,—such a character is rare indeed,—but such was Charles Dickens.

The eye of age looks meek into my heart! The voice of age echoes mournfully through it! The heavy head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies; I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—*Longfellow.*

THE BALLAD OF BUENA VISTA.

(An unpublished and unfinished poem by PARK BENJAMIN.)

From the city of Saltillo, far along the upper plain,
Which surveys the Pass and mountains, stretching in unbroken chain,
Runs a road upon whose border La Buena Vista stands,—
Hacienda, very famous in the Earth's remotest lands.

Glorious is the face of Nature, stranger as you look around,
Hills aspiring, valleys sinking, streamlets gleaming on the ground,
Rocks and ravines steep and sombre, smiling fields and pastures wide,
In the shadow and the sunshine, peaceful resting side by side.

From Palonzo, Rinconada, toward Monclava sweep the hills,
And thy lofty peak, Catana, all the scene with grandeur fills;
And when morning like a vector, flings abroad his banner bright,
Laughs thy valley, Encantada, lovely in the golden light.

Then La Angostura rises, with its high and rugged ridge,
Stretching onward to the plateau, like a narrow, broken bridge,
Over channels deep and gullies, with the mountains on their right,
Barriers not to be ascended by the boldest in the fight.

General Muron near us scouted with his cavalry brigade,
At Potosi's haciénda, ready for a sudden raid,
Hovering, like a flock of vultures, fiercely gazing at their prey,
Eager for the horrid contest, rampant for the bloody fray.

Farther off was Santa Anna, and his thirty thousand strong,
Laughing at our General Taylor, though his laughter was not long.
He expected to attack us in the valley where we stood,
With his right arm, sure to conquer, and his right leg made of wood.

Mighty man was Santa Anna, great in battle, great in play,
As he risked his men by thousands, so he risked his gold they say;
Now he fought and now he gambled with his loaded guns and dice,
He was daring, hot and reckless, and his morals were not nice.

Zachary Taylor calmly, cooly stopped and waited for a space,
Then he moved us on in columns, thinking best to change his base;
Moving from Agua Nueva, falling back a league or two,
Till behind, Buena Vista, like a picture, rose in view.

Then awhile we stood and waited, ready to engage the foe,
To repel his sudden onset, to inflict the quickest blow;
All at once a splendid picture burst on our astonished sight;
'Twas the vale of Encantada blazing far in lurid light.

'Twas a hacienda burning in one dense and fiery shroud,
Timbers falling, smoke ascending like a red volcanic cloud;
While the soldiers marching swiftly, and the trumpets blowing keen,
In the cold and solemn midnight made a memorable scene.

[Mr. Benjamin was born in Demerara, South America, in the year 1809. From the age of fourteen until his graduation at Trinity College, he resided chiefly in Boston and its vicinity. He studied law under the eminent Mr. Justice Story, and also in the school of Chief Justice Daggett, in Yale College. He commenced the practice in Boston, but was soon lured away by his love of letters to which he with great fidelity devoted himself. He has edited several very successful periodicals,—first, the *New England Magazine*, and then, in his removal to New York in 1836, the *American Monthly*. Afterwards, in connection with Horace Greeley, the *New Yorker;* then with Rufus W. Griswold, the *Brother Jonathan*. But the paper with which Mr. Benjamin was longest connected, and which was under his sole charge, was the *New World*. Weary of excessive literary toil, Mr. Benjamin sold out his interest in the *New World*, and thereafter devoted himself to lecturing. He died September 12th, 1864, after an illness of one week. His family reside in Schenectady.]

AN ELECTIVE COURSE IN UNION COLLEGE.

SENIOR EDITOR :—

My Dear Sir: An Essay requires so much rhetorical flourish and labored thought, that I have concluded to write you a free and easy *letter* on an "An Elective Course in Union College."

No doubt the subject immediately suggests to you some wise father, covered with the dust of ages, and shaking his head as he utters: My son, the youthful mind must be *directed*. Truly, but how long? When a student is led in an appointed way during the whole preparatory course, and for three years in College, is it not time for him to do without leading-strings? At this stage of discipline, the judgment is surely matured sufficiently to decide for

itself upon the appropriate studies. Is it wise to leave that faculty of determining what is best, unexercised, until the broad, cold world is entered, where no indulgence is shown to immaturity? When the Senior year is reached, it is generally known what will be the most conducive to present and future interests. Whenever the mind *is* fully persuaded of its own wants, it can no longer be confined to a fixed regimen of mental food. This is the period when the intellect, like conscience, cannot be forced into real obedience.

Just here you will see the absurdity of the argument—that a study, because distasteful, is especially disciplinary. It rests on the old exploded doctrine, that the immaterial is subject to physical compulsion. It is a well known fact, that certain portions of the present course are so disagreeable, that students, with bravery increasing each term, do not during the last year (Faculty will please not read) take the pains to purchase text-books. Many a Senior, *heretofore*, has not during a whole term placed six hours study upon particular branches. Why? Because it is more advantageous to devote the time to the acquirement of more practical instruction. *History* is indispensable to a liberal education. And, O! ye Fates! guide thither the feet of the otherwise-to-be-pitied Juniors, who are approaching Guizot's condensed "History of European Civilization,"—a decidedly *suggestive* work. Since ignorance of the past is so universal, no wonder comparatively unprofitable theories are neglected, to become acquainted with the "nations of the world." Why persist in retaining an entirely prescribed curriculum, since it is not *actually studied*, except perhaps by three or four so necessitated in their strife for the first honor in the Class?

Everyday experience shows that continuous contact with anything disliked will develop absolute disgust. A deep-seated antipathy for education is thus frequently ac-

quired. So true is this that a member of UNION has come to the honest belief, that he is not so thoroughly disciplined by learning a lesson, as by the strategy practiced in getting a sustaining mark without study. This novel method of discipline is getting to be quite favorably recognized, for the very reason that our College Course pays no attention to the fact, that different minds must be differently educated. Mathematics are good in their place, but for one whose taste is altogether classical to be required to swallow the nauseous dose day after day up to the very eve of graduation, is enough to break down his constitution beyond recovery.

How inexpedient and even injurious not to make any studies optional! Observation proves that generally there is not faithful application to what is repugnant. If you can sit down with a relish to a lesson, there will be no drowsy lip-moving, but intensity of thought, which will rouse up the dormant faculties. The whole being will be warmed with new currents of intellectual life. Unless it be argued that we are more industrious in the pursuit of undesirable knowledge, it must be admitted that elective studies would infuse greater activity into the College.

Old UNION needs more students to regain her former glory. Let not an adherence to past systems be an obstacle in the way. What is the new want? The question is answered when we behold the most flourishing institutions of the land, such as Princeton, palpably approximating an Elective Course. Indeed they have been awake to the demands of the age, and are only *yielding* to the popular desire. Consult the young men intent upon an education, and you will find a prevailing satisfaction at the new movement. In all conversations upon the subject, I have never found an individual adverse, so unanimous is the desire for optional studies. Consider our two leading Colleges,—Yale, which retains essentially the old

system, and Harvard, which makes almost everything elective after the first year. In the number of undergraduates, where Yale has long held undisputed precedence, Harvard now takes the lead by about one hundred students. Such is the advantage Harvard has gained by entering under the new regime. Since the College is for the people, let UNION heed the public voice, and make a bold stand in favor of an Elective Course during the Senior year by its adoption.

Such, sir, are in brief the sentiments of

Yours truly,

A. W. ARCHIBALD.

ON THE SLAIN AT THERMOPYLÆ.

BY SIMONIDES OF CEOS, B. C. 500.

In dark Thermopylæ they lie!
Oh! death of glory there to die!
Their tomb an altar is! their name
A deathless heritage of fame!
Their dirge is triumph—cankering rust
And time, that turneth all to dust,
That tomb shall never waste nor hide,
That tomb of warriors true and tried!
The full-voiced praise of Greece around
Lies buried in that sacred mound,
Where Sparta's King Leonidas
In death eternal glory has!

Genius is a steady fire to which patience, industry, carefulness and caution serve as the appropriate fuel. Another fitful flame which manifests itself with some has been mistaken therefor, and the world has often gone needlessly astray, and many a career made worthless in consequence.

THEOLOGY AND SCIENCE.

In the literature of the day one can but notice the antagonism between the followers of theology and science. The cause of this feeling is not hard to trace. Each is seeking truth but in different phases. The truth of the naturalist is fact; the truth of the theologian is higher and more subtle. It appeals to the soul, while fact speaks to the sense. The one is sought in the revealed world; the other in the divine works.

As they set forth in their different paths each chooses a motto. The theologian's is *Credo.* His great essential is faith. His knowledge is that of the patriarchs, but unless renewed by faith, growing more dim as centuries roll between him and direct revelation. It is different with the naturalist. Every day adds to his store of knowledge, while every addition crowds out something false that has been held as truth. The very antiquity which is at once the charm and proof of Scripture may be to the naturalist heavy with ignorance and error. His motto is *Dubito.* It is vain to ask him to believe whose greatest triumphs come from doubting. It is vain to require a reverence for old beliefs in him who is ever refuting them. His role is that of revolutionist. His arms are facts; his battlefield is the universe; his enemies are old ideas. Pursuing ways so divergent it is not strange that each should dislike the other's course. The man of science, eager for new developments, chafes at the conservatism of theology, and sees in it the same spirit that dragged the philosopher before the schoolmen. The theologian sees science leading on to a crude materialism. While the naturalist strives to pierce the mystery of life itself he seems heedless of its lessons. We read of the learned doctor, who, when his daughter lectured to his class of young men,

hung a thick curtain before her lest her rare beauty should divert their minds from the theme. Thus is life—veiled yet wisely speaking.

Between theology and science who shall judge? Can we ask less of those whose lives are given to a faith founded upon Scripture than that they challenge whatever would seem to impeach its integrity? Certainly not. But can we ask science to carry its investigations no farther than the point at which they seem to clash with Scripture? It was but lately that the announcements of astronomy and geology were accepted with reluctance, but who now would doubt their truth, or admit that Scriptural integrity is one whit shaken by them?

On every side we hear of the skepticism of the age, and much of this is charged to the influence of scientific men. Disastrous indeed would be that fancied enlightenment which should carry with it the evils of atheism. Thrice accursed would be the advancement that should bring us to the state of unhappy France—now lying prostrate while over her rises the barricade bearing the prohibition from worshipping the "man called God,"—the tombstone upon which is written her epitaph as a nation.

But doubt is not atheism. However we may regard the theories of Darwin, let us not mistake his calm and careful reasoning for the scoffings of Voltaire. Science seeks not to turn the divine book to ashes, but acts rather as the heat which brings out upon the page some shadings and words unnoticed. Nor does theology seek to stifle the voice of reason with the cloak of faith. The two stand stern and watchful, the one to challenge theory that would pass as fact; the other to keep dogma from the place of truth. Thus science and theology are co-workers —rivals rather than enemies. And the powers which each brings to the contest though they may seem to act directly against one another, have a resultant tending ever upward.

WHATEVER IS, IS WRONG.

So say the moral dyspeptics of our own time. Yes, instead of echoing the truth of that famous ancient formula, "Whatever is, is right," they substitute a catch of their own, "Whatever is, is wrong;" and go about the world trying to prove their melancholy theory true.

They can see no promise in the world of to-day, and so perpetually sigh for the return of the *good old times.* They seem to find a morbid satisfaction in ever crying *up* the past, and crying *down* the present. They think the golden age of the race is forever gone, and with it the gold, leaving only dross behind. There are no such statesmen or scholars, poets or orators, ministers or doctors, merchants or lawyers, farmers or mechanics, as there used to be. The great, and the good are all dead. The saints have all been translated. This whole generation, mad as March hares, are now rushing headlong to the dogs, and when they get there the dogs will have the worst of it. They seem to have been born at cross-corners with life throughout; and to find dwelling in parallel lines with their kind and generation, the one thing impossible to be compassed. What charm there can be in this eternal divergence, those who are of a more accordant temper utterly fail to discover. But it must be assumed that it has some peculiar value which renders it worth the pains taken to secure it; and that living at cross-corners and throwing stones over the way, is a more agreeable kind of thing than running in parallel lines and nodding agreement across the interval. With people of this style of make up, there is no chance of agreement. They do not want to agree, and they will not, come what may. You shoot your little shaft of satire against the sweltering climate of the tropics, and expatiate upon the salubrious atmosphere of your

own beloved metropolis, and your friend, in opposition, will give the fire a vigorous stir, and swear at the hardship of living in a climate where anthracite takes the place of the sun.

A public philanthropist is a humbug; a popular preacher is unsound; this ecclesiastical movement is superstitious, *that*, infidel; the best novel of the best author of the day, has more faults than beauties; the central character of the popular play is feebly acted, and the subordinate parts made too prominent, but if everything of scenery and plot had been changed and inverted, it would *perhaps* have been a deserved success.

If art critics, they are those who go to a painter's studio a day or so before the picture is sent to the academy, and say to him, "My dear fellow, your picture will be admirable, if you will repaint this head, throw that figure several feet back, alter the key-note to the whole, retouch that background, and put in an olive tree instead of a bunch of apple blossoms." In short repaint in a couple of days a picture which is the result of many months' unremitting toil.

They look through a golden haze at the past, and through green goggles at the present. And so through a distorted vision, they obtain distorted views and babble distorted nonsense. It is indeed disgusting to hear these sentimental creatures prate about these "*degenerate days.*" Down on them! They are foes to the faith. They are enemies to progress. They have outlived their usefulness. They do not belong to this age. They have strayed from their own generation. How can they, then, understand the signs of these times? How can these antiquated fossil forms step into line and march in the majestic progress of the nineteenth century? Let them make haste and die out of the way. It is high time they were gathered to their fathers. Their shrouds and coffins are now ready.

And during this disagreeable transition, let some pitying hand lead these "blinking bats" out of the noon-day light into the shades of darkness; for their eyes have so long been adjusted to the phantoms of distorted minds, and pictures of ideal life, that the full glow of this real, practical, burning age, is to them a dimness and distress. Hence their dolorous cry.

As for us, we thank God that our lot has fallen on these days. We feel it glorious to live in these times, when the world is all alive and full of promise,—when there is heat in the blood, and fire in the brain, and magnetism in the soul,—when men's lives are measured by *deeds* not by *years*,—by *thoughts* not by *idle breaths*,—by *feelings* not by *figures* on the *dial-plate*.

Generations have been waiting for this period. The ages meet in this century, as the waters from a thousand rills flow together to form a mighty river. Men live more in a day now than formerly they lived in an age. They make history faster than the swiftest pen can write. As the aerolites are said to catch fire, and kindle into a flame by the rapidity of their flight through space, so the minds of men fire, burn, shine with dazzling brightness, and their souls flush and thrill with deepest emotions, by the very rapidity of action into which they are thrown, amid the hurry, excitement and friction of this jostling world.

Truly the world moves. We live in a world of change. Ours is an age of progress. We are continually reminded that old things are passing away, and that all things are becoming new. There is more good on foot to-day to bless mankind than ever before; more golden fruit ripening; grander results rolling up. This generation may well be proud of its noble undertakings and glorious achievements; of all that it has dared and done. Within the memory of those living, science has given birth to her noblest discoveries, art has perfected her noblest enterprises, free-

dom has fought her noblest battles, faith has kindled her brightest lights along the pathway of humanity, love has offered her costliest sacrifices in the cause of justice and truth, while that christian sympathy which opens its arms of brotherhood to a fallen race,—that christian power which moves on a sluggish world, and changes the face of society, have never been so nobly manifested, as in the present age. We know there are many blemishes that mar the work of this generation. We know that there is now much blind and reckless zeal at work in the world; but it is better to seek to guide, than resist it. Let then the wisdom of the wise and prudent be set to the work of guiding the restless and resistless energies of the age that are sweeping onward, and *not* to enchaining and crushing them. To be always opposed to everything, never to know the fellowship of likemindedness, never to feel the soothing of agreement, the help of mental comradeship, nor to understand the beauty that lies in harmony, must be a condition of things in its painful angularity, and mournful privation, demanding *all* our pity. Were we less impatient than we are, and better able to look below the rugged surface of an ugly fault into the sorrowful depths whence it has its rise, we should have the tenderness of infinite toleration for the oppositionist, and notwithstanding his aggressive and annoying temper, hold him more pitiable than hateful, more his own enemy than his neighbor's.

No man's spirit is very much hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits beyond what either indulgence or diversion or company can do for them.

THE COLLEGE SPIRIT.

(Written for the Jubilee of the Philomathean Society, Union College.)

What spirit from the sacred realms
  Of Learning's sceptered sway,
Comes forth in vigor unimpaired,
  While ancient thrones decay?

What whispereth to the man of God,
  Who wars with sin and pride,
And brings a sunbeam o'er his thought,
  When all is dark beside?

What, like a dovelet's dewy wing,
  Doth fan the statesman's brain,
And from the brow of toil and care
  Unbind the coiling chain?

What moves the sage of hoary hairs?
  The lover in his bowers?
And over the prairie's boundless breast,
  Sweeps like its breath of flowers?

What beckoneth with a viewless hand
  From homes that seas divide,
Back to the cloistered halls of yore,
  The Alma Mater's side?

Back to the earliest student cell,
  The towers of love refined,
Back to the quiet twilight walk,
  When heart with heart was twined?

Back to the fine, old, classic groves,
  The haunts that flowers adorn,
When 'neath the sunset's crimson cloud,
  At flush of eve, 'twas born?

Oh soul of friendship! knit to strength,
  Mid youth, and learning's might,
Still strike thy rooted memories deep,
  Till Time's receding light.

And link thyself with love divine,
  That when life's dream is o'er,
Thou, with a seraph's lyre, may'st stand
  Upon th' eternal shore.

THE OLDEST ALUMNUS OF UNION.

SHURTLEFF COLLEGE, Upper Alton, Ill.,
August 5, 1871.

To the Editors of the Union College Magazine:—

The keen interest which has recently been awakened among the friends of Union College in Rev. Hubbel Loomis, as the oldest alumnus of the College, will be more than justified by a knowledge of his life and character, and is only the counterpart of the interest which has long been felt in him by the friends of Shurtleff College, as the leading founder of the College, and the first in the line of instructors whose labors have brought the institution to its present position. His early life belongs to another generation, to another century even, when the facilities for education were meagre compared with those of the present time; and yet he succeeded, in spite of limited opportunities and straightened circumstances, in making his way to the coveted prize. His thirst for knowledge is well illustrated by the fact that, in order to satisfy himself in reference to some disputed points of church history, he ordered from Europe a complete set of the writings of the Fathers, in the original, a work rarely found at that time even in the public libraries. This work was afterwards purchased by the Theological Seminary at Newton, and it was recently pointed out to me by Dr. Ripley, the Librarian of that institution, as one of its treasures.

Among the able men who owed to him, as their teacher, an early and strong impulse to the pursuit of knowledge, and much, no doubt, of the celebrity to which they afterward attained, was Jared Sparks, who, in the midst of his varied and engrossing studies and occupations, always retained and delighted to manifest his sense of obligation to his old teacher.

His position in this community and among his large circle of friends and acquaintances is, as far as my observation is extended, unique. Though long withdrawn, and contentedly so, from active participation in the concerns of men, looking upon himself and looked upon by others as the representative of another age, he yet follows with keen interest and a lively sympathy the developments of the present, and finds his ideal of the race, not in the past, but in the future. With that eager spirit of inquiry which is the leading characteristic of his mind, he is even yet, at the age of ninety-six, keenly alive to every new light cast not only upon questions of ecclesiastical history and Biblical exegesis, but upon the field of human knowledge in general; and he is able to watch with appreciative interest the career and the investigations of his son and his grandson, the one Professor at Yale College, and the other Professor at Cornell University. Absolutely free from bodily ailment, and subject only to the inevitable decay of strength incident to old age, he finds no difficulty, when occasion may demand, in walking a half mile or more, or in standing upon his feet and addressing an audience for a quarter of an hour, with an animation of manner and a vivacity and vigor of mind which might be profitably transferred to many a speaker of half his years. The honor in which he is held cannot, perhaps, be better illustrated than by the custom maintained year after year with unflagging interest by the Faculty and students of Shurtleff College, of marching in procession from the College to his residence to greet him on his birth-day. He never fails to receive such greeting with a dignity worthy of the occasion, and with utterances fitted to impart fresh enthusiasm in the pursuit of study. Indeed, "Father Loomis," to the minds of those who know him, realizes, as nearly, perhaps, as is possible under human limitations, the grand ideal of a fresh, joyous, serene, and Christian

old age—the golden fruit of perfected manhood. May he live to complete his century, an ornament alike to his foster-mother, Union College, and to his foster-child, Shurtleff College!

O. HOWES.

LETTER FROM "FATHER LOOMIS."

UPPER ALTON, Ill., Aug. 16, 1871.

Mr. Editor of the Union College Magazine:—

Very Dear Sir: On the 10th of July I received your kind letter of the 7th, in which you inform me that the Alumni of Union College desire from me, the oldest Alumnus of the College, a letter giving some leading notice of my life for publication. The wishes of the Alumni, thus formally expressed, lay me under strong obligations to meet them so far as the remaining powers of age permit.

In April, 1791, the sixteenth year of my age, under the ministry of the late Edward D. Griffin, D. D., I became a professed Christian, and since that time the Christian religion has been the regulator and comforter of my life. To learn the teachings of the Bible became my settled object, an object which holds me fast at the present moment.

My early opportunities for culture were only such as were common to farmer boys of that age, and being one in a family of eleven children, my resources for meeting pecuniary expense were, in a great measure, limited to manual labor and keeping of school.

I first became acquainted with Dr. Nott, as my preceptor, in Plainfield Academy; and near the close of the year 1796, I was greatly surprised at the call of Dr. Nott at the door of the school room in which I was teaching, wishing to engage me to assist him in teaching in Cherry Valley Academy, State of New York. I hastily assembled

my patrons and requested a release from further teaching in the school. They released me, and in three days I was in a sleigh with Dr. Nott and his wife, in rapid motion toward Cherry Valley. On arriving at that place I found the Academic building all that could be wished,—divided to accommodate higher and lower departments,—while the lower department was filled by a teacher of elementary English. Dr. Nott, at the head of the establishment, taught on Mondays and Tuesdays in the higher department, and the rest of the week I filled the same department, and pursued my course of studies, aided by Dr. Nott. After he left the school on invitation to preach in Albany, I continued the school, but with the Doctor's advice to connect myself with Union College as soon as convenient. In the fall of 1798 I made myself known to Dr. Smith, the President of the College, requesting admission into the Senior class, and offering myself for examination. The President replied that the rules of the College did not admit an examination for that purpose after the commencement of the year, but that I could be admitted to recite with the class if I requested it. I immediately engaged in the studies and recited with the class during the year. The studies were mostly natural philosophy, and the gasses under Professor Vander Heuvel, and a part of the time I received occasional private instruction from him in Fluxions. If any scholar wishes to inform himself of the difference between the earlier and the present elementary treatises on that important branch of mathematics, he may be abundantly gratified by taking a look at Emmon on Fluxions. My connection with the class was perfectly pleasant, and the notice I received from the Faculty was all that I could rationally expect. Union College aided me greatly in my arduous efforts to obtain some standing in literature and science, and I have ever since remembered the months I spent within its gray

walls with pleasure. President Smith commanded my admiration in the performance of his collegiate duties and in preaching. He was, perhaps, neither excelled in stating clearly the proposition contained in his text and also its import, nor in showing the outlines which distinguished it from all associated propositions, nor in making an application which his hearers, after leaving the house, would remember, and, if used to praying, carry with them into the closet.

Prof. Vander Heuvel, a Hollander by birth and education, and some years a Professor in Leyden University, who fled from his country before the desolations of Bonaparte's army, was preeminent in literature as well as in mathematics and natural philosophy. Of eight modern languages with which he was familiar, he spoke the English least perfectly. He would hold up a prism before the class in his experiments on light, and, smiling, emphatically call it *prim*, evidently intimating that he felt his outlandish pronunciation.

Prof. Taylor was a favorite with all the students, and Prof. Gales was respectable in his department.

As the President was about to leave at the call of a church in Philadelphia, and as Prof. Vander Heuvel was confined by his last sickness, the success of the College depended upon the special effort of the trustees; and as I knew not their views nor their ability, I could form no opinion of the future of the College.

After leaving Schenectady, I never stopped in it more than a few hours, and to this day I have not passed through it more than, perhaps, three or four times.

In 1804 I called on Dr. Benedict of Plainfield, who had just heard of the appointment of his son-in-law to the presidency of Union College. That of course was the exciting topic of conversation. Dr. Benedict expressed freely his fear that his son had misjudged in regard to his

position. I did not so much fear, though I was not without some doubt. The four former presidents had each a short presidency. Dr. Maxcy, the immediately preceding president, had gained a high reputation as president of Brown University. These failures of success were a painful indication of extreme difficulty in sustaining the College. Dr. Nott stood at the head of the American pulpit, and whether he would prove equally successful at the head of the College, strangers would say was hardly hopeful.

In 1810 I called on President Nott in his new splendid College edifice, and heard him tell what he had done—how he was improving the campus and intending to add to the College buildings and provide for the higher grades of education. When I bade him good-by, I was fully satisfied that his influence with legislators and capitalists as well as with young men, would give him a celebrity in the College equal to that which he had acquired in the pulpit.

To go back a few years; in 1801 I received license from the Congregational Convocation of Ministers in Newlondon County, State of Connecticut, to preach the Gospel. On the next Sabbath, the day completing twenty-six years of my life, I preached my first sermon in Colchester, my native town. From that time I preached to different churches as I had invitations. At the close of December, 1803, by invitation I visited Willington, a small farming town in Folland county, state of Connecticut, and preached on the next day. In this town the church and ecclesiastical society in due form presented me an invitation to settle with them in gospel ministry on a salary of three hundred and fifty dollars. I accepted the invitation, and in the following August, with customary form and solemnities, I was inducted into the office of the Christian Ministry by an Ecclesiastical Council, composed of Rev. Minor Benedict, D. D., of Plainfield, Willard, D. D., of

Stafford, Williams, D. D., of Folland, Welch, D. D., of Mansfield, and Cone, of Colchester. Dr. Benedict was the preacher. With this church I continued twenty-four years, until 1828, experiencing about the usual measure of peace and encouragement together with the ordinary measure of the dejections and trials in the progress of ministerial labor. In 1825 I enjoyed a glorious revival of religion, a revival calling for special labor through six months, and which added to the church about sixty members,—a revival, I believe, commenced and sustained by the special agency of the spirit of God. In receiving the converts into the church, some, who had been sprinkled in infancy, instructed me to baptise them by immersion upon the personal profession of faith. This brought me to a review of the subject of baptism and held me in excited review three years, although in 1818 I had published a large pamphlet in defense of infant baptism. The result of the review was, I settled down in the belief that the immersion of a believer in water, upon a personal profession of faith, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, is the Christian baptism and the only Christian water baptism. This I made known to the church, stating that I considered their contract, made with me at my settlement, dissolved, but that I strongly desired to continue their pastor. But they did not accept my proposal of continuance with them. Thus, in 1828, I was separated from the Willington Congregational church, and from the Congregational denomination, still retaining, notwithstanding the extreme excitement attending the separation, a favorable opinion of the Christian character of the Congregational churches, and of their ministers as talented, Catholic, and devoted to the work of the Christian ministry. I entered a Baptist church, firmly believing that all baptised believers have a right to partake of the Lord's Supper, and that every Christian

has the same right to judge for himself that I have to judge for myself. In 1830, when fifty-five years of age, I moved with my family to the state of Illinois, carrying Baptist credentials with me.

In June, 1836, just six years after setting foot on the soil of Illinois, I addressed a letter to the Trustees of Shurtleff College, resigning my office as Principal of the College, assigning as my only reason for resigning, *infirmities of age.* My previous labor in Illinois had been mostly confined to the founding of the College, and after reading my reason for resigning its presidency, very little labor will be looked for in the subsequent portion of my life. Yet, contrary to expectation, I had strength enough to perform considerable labor. At this time, May 22d, 1838, the Baptist church of Upper Alton withdrew from me the hand of fellowship. The charge against me, as recorded in their records reads, "Having violated covenant obligations by withdrawing himself from the meetings and communions of the church with the avowed intention of joining another church not of our faith and order." In the same church record is recorded, fairly and fully, my defense in these words, "He never subscribed to our articles of faith and covenant." As I continued firm in the belief which I professed on entering the church, that all baptised believers have a right to partake of the Lord's Supper, I saw no possibility of reconciliation with the church. Therefore I entered, without renunciation of my Baptist views, the Presbyterian church, expecting to die in that connection. But after twelve years, in 1850, the door opened for my re-entering the Baptist church, and I entered it and continue in it to the present time, though their covenant, to which I never assented, has given me trouble. In consequence of these things the door was not open for me to perform half the labor in the ministry which I might have otherwise performed.

Thus have I spent a large portion of my days in learning *what is the Bible and what are its teachings.* I have learned that the Bible is the word of God; that baptism by immersion and open communion are Scriptural doctrines, and to accept the Calvanistic creed in its essential articles as nearly the teachings of the New Testament. As in this creed, I believe that God is universal Governor, upholding, governing, positively and absolutely, all his creatures and all their actions throughout the inanimate and the animate kingdoms.

My mother's age was 92; her eldest brother's age was 95; and his eldest daughter's age was 100 years. My father's age was 70, my grand-father's age was 76, my great-grandfather's age was 85, and my great-great-grandfather's age was 66 years. My parents had eleven children, and the average age of the thirteen was 70 years. The age of one of my brothers was 93 years and ten months. The family were hard laborers. My earliest sights and sounds and plays were associated with the cultivation of land.

By hard labor I obtained in part the means for securing an education, and from my ordination to the Christian ministry, down to the age of 80, manual labor answered in full the use of the modern gymnasium.

My health is such that I frequently take a few turns in the street and occasionally walk out half a mile without overdoing. Till 1812 I drank ardent spirits as did those with whom I associated. But in 1812 I joined a temperance society, the first one formed in Connecticut, pledging moderation in the use of spirituous liquor, and that I would neither give nor accept it as an article of hospitality. In 1832 I pledged total abstinence from ardent spirits except as a medicine, and I have found but little use for it as a medicine, or as a quickener of circulation in old age. In early manhood I occasionally smoked to-

bacco because my associates smoked it, and in the same way I fell into the habit of chewing tobacco. This habit I continued, frequently indeed with shame, but not leaving serious evil, until it became positively my master, leading me captive. At length I was aroused by the words of Paul, "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection lest I should be a cast-away." "Cast-away" rung in my ears and continued to ring in my ears until I determined, that, whatever might be the trial, I must quit it. I did quit it thirty-four years ago and have not tasted it since. The trial was severe, but after it was over I could tell a tale of its injuries to me which I did not suspect until after quitting it. Thirty years ago I could not read the largest print without glasses, but in writing this article I have not used them. At the age of twenty-four I lived most of a year upon short allowance of food, hoping thereby to gain time for study. But the experiment was an injury to health from which I did not recover short of some years. With this exception I ate from childhood such things as were set before me, without calculation of what system of diet would most conduce to longevity, excepting the last six years I have studiously observed the rule, "Eat such articles of food and in such quantity as give the least disquietude."

Six years ago I determined that the English Bible, in distinction from all other books, should be my companion, —and in reading the Holy Book and Christian periodicals I ordinarily spent four or five hours a day, until lately attention to them has been somewhat diverted by the reading of the early literature of the church.

In 1825, when my mind was pressed almost to distraction on the subject of baptism, I sent by my pupil, the late Jared Sparks, LL. D. of national fame, to Europe for the writings of the early Fathers in the Christian church, and he sent me fifty volumes, mostly heavy folios, in

Greek and Latin, at a cost of four hundred dollars. Instantly on opening them I saw my gross mistake, and that I had obtained books from which I could not profit. I mention this merely as indicating my anxiety to learn something of the import of the writings of those Fathers who lived nearest the Apostles. About two years ago I read an advertisement of the sale of the writings of Irenæus. I immediately wrote and procured a copy, and subsequently I obtained copies of Origen and of others. I read them with great interest and learned from them things which I had long been desirous of knowing.

Here I take leave of the labors of life with a single remark. If a life of three score years and ten be a prize to be sought for, what must be the prize of life eternal? If the enjoyment of a life of three score years and ten be worth a serious thought, what must be the worth of life eternal? If the amount learned in three score years and ten be considerable, what will be the amount learned in life eternal! eternal! eternal! with no pause! dwelling in knowledge and enjoyment?

That the Alumni of Union College may inherit the kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world, is the prayer of their friend and brother,

HUBBEL LOOMIS.

An Arab said to his son, "O, my child, in the day of resurrection they will ask you, what have you done in the world; and not from whom are you descended? The cloth that covers the Kaabor, and which they kiss, is not famous from having been manufactured by the silk-worm; it associated some days with one who is venerable, on which account it became venerable like himself."

CUPID.

BY ANACREON, B. C. 500.

'Twas midnight—when Bootis
Sees the turning of the Bear
And voice-dividing mortals
Sleep-subdued by toil and care—

'Twas at this hour of midnight
When Cupid stopped before
My house—and fell a knocking
At the fastenings of my door.

"Who strikes the door—disturbing
My dreams by such a din?"
"I'm but a child," says Cupid,
"I pray thee let me in,"

"For I am drenched by wandering
"Through the damp and moonless night."
I pitied, when I heard him,
And forthwith brought a light.

I opened—and before me
An infant I behold
With wings—a bow and quiver—
All shivering from the cold.

Then near the fire I placed him—
With my palms I warmed him there;
And the dripping water squeezing,
I wrung it from his hair.

Now when the cold had left him,
"Come, let us try," said he,
"How far by being moistened
"This string is harmed for me."

He stretched it, and he struck me
Like a gadfly through and through
The heart—and with loud laughter
He said, while up he flew,

"Mine host! thy gratulation
"Give, give, before we part—
"My bow indeed is scatheless
"*But thou'lt be sick at heart.*"

PHILOSOPHICAL WRITINGS OF CICERO.

The orations of Cicero are best adapted to academic exercises, and therefore it is that they are generally read, at least to some extent, in our Colleges. It must be said, however, that they are a very subordinate part of his entire works. Most students have some idea of the extent of these from the space the volumes occupy on the shelves of our College libraries. They are occasionally dipped into by the more curious, or by some who have more than usual of the classical enthusiasm, whilst of many graduates it may be safely said that they know little more of them than their titles, or that their acquaintance, in some cases, falls even short of this. It may not be, therefore, either an unavailing or a superfluous work to call attention to the extent of this department of ancient literature. It may perhaps stimulate some to a more extensive study, or to a deeper exploration of this neglected mine with the confident expectation of finding a rich reward in so doing.

The great lawyer, the great statesman, the practical politician, the man of action in an intensely active age, and surrounded by intensely active men,—these are not the only titles that may be fairly claimed for this noblest Roman of them all. Living in the most stirring times of his country's history, he was all this; and at the same time far greater, nobler, higher, than any character that would be suggested by such a description. He was, in the best and truest sense, the philosopher, the moralist, the theologian, the profound student of all those great questions of destiny, whether in relation to man or the world, which have the deepest interest for all thoughtful minds, and an undiminished importance for all ages. And here too it may be said, the great character comes more

fully and clearly out than in the more worldly, though better known, forensic life. In that delightful work entitled De Officiis, the mere lawyer, the vain-glorious politician, the one-sided advocate, wholly disappears. We have before us the passionate lover of truth for its own pure sake. We admire his genius as displayed in the defense of Milo; the burning eloquence of his invective against Cataline; but here we learn to love and reverence him as the higher athlete in a nobler struggle, and fraught with a far deeper human interest. How earnestly, in this immortal argument, does he strive for the *honestum* in its high ancient sense, the καλον, the Fair and the Good, as something higher than the *utile*, the *dulce*, the *pleasant*, or that mere happiness producing idea which even some professedly Christian moralists and theologians would set forth as the highest end and aim of human action! It was a position very difficult to be maintained from any mere heathen standpoint. It seems to demand the aid of that superhuman light which shines in the Gospel of Christ. On the ground of any mere earthly ethics, it is not easy to rise above the principle of self-interest in some of its disguised forms; but that makes only the more wonderful the very effort at maintaining such an argument. Cicero contends for it as the very life of any true morality. He does not shrink from it in its extremest and severest application. Shall Regulus go back to Carthage, though it be to meet a death of torture as the certain consequence of the failure of his mission? All outward utility protests strongly against such a procedure, but there stands in the way the sacredness of a promise even though made under the duress of an enemy. The *honestum* demands it, and that is the end of all argument, whether of right or of expediency. See Lib. III, Sec. XXXVIII, XXIX. This glorious treatise has sometimes furnished a part of our college course, and no writing

is more worthy of such a place, whether regard be had to the elegance of its diction, or the lofty ethical value of its ideas.

Cicero has been charged with egotism, and there is, undoubtedly, much that has that appearance in his most popular or best known forensic efforts. It might be plead, on his behalf, that the great and unexampled services he had rendered the Roman State furnished some justification for the feeling. In the overthrow of such a man as Cataline, he had some right to speak of what he had done, especially in view of the efforts of avowed enemies to detract from his substantial deservings. There is no need, however, of any such apology in respect to these other writings of which we speak. On that higher theatre, the individual is lost sight of in the majesty of the subjects discussed. In the presence of philosophy, the orator bows his head; egotism disappears; docility and reverence have cast out all vain-glorious boasting. With the humility of a child, there is mingled a feeling of fervent love, as for some celestial teacher taken as his guide, his refuge from the ills and errors of human life. There is great pathos in a touching allusion to this at the beginning of the fifth book of the Tusculan Disputations, or the well known Dialogue which is mainly occupied with discussions on the Immortality of the Soul. It calls up the memory of his political misfortunes, and shows us that in the height of his glory as a lawyer and a statesman there had been a cherished interest in this higher form of life. And now he betakes himself wholly to it as to a home from which he had wandered long and far. *Sed et hujus culpae, et cæterorum vitiorum peccatorumque nostrorum, omnis a philosophia petenda correctio est. Cujus in sinum quum a primis temporibus ætatis nostra voluntas studiumque nos compulisset, his gravissimis casibus in eundum portum e quo eramus egressi, magna jactati tempestate*

confugimus: "Of this fault then (namely that of selfish ambition), as well as of all other evils and wrong doings, must the correction be sought in philosophy. To her bosom, even in the first years of life, would will and desire both have driven me; and now, after the greatest misfortunes, as one long tossed in a violent storm, do I betake myself for refuge to that haven from which I then departed." There is no affectation here, no vanity, nothing that can justly be styled egotism. It is all true and hearty feeling, as it breaks out in that impassioned apostrophe which immediately follows: *O vitae Philosophia dux! quid non modo nos, sed omnino vita hominum sine te esse potuisset. Ad te confugimus; a te opem petimus; tibi nos, ut antea magna ex parte, sic nunc penitus totosque tradimus. Est autem unus dies, bene et ex preceptis tuis actus, PECCANTI IMMORTALITATI ANTEPONENDUS.* "O, Philosophy, guide of life! What were we! What were all human existence without thee? To thee do we flee for refuge; from thee do we seek for help; to thee, as formerly in part, so now, wholly and unreservedly, do we surrender ourselves. For surely one day, well and truly spent according to thy precepts, is better than an immortality of error." We cannot keep from our minds the language of the Psalmist: "One day in thy courts is better than a thousand." Socrates employs the term philosophy in a higher sense than any of the ancient schools, or any nominally Christian writer of modern times. With him it assumes almost a religious aspect. He defines it as an unworldly wisdom, a living for the higher nature; in a word, for the spiritual, as distinguished from the sensual and worldly life. There is something of the same high attitude given to the idea in the language of Cicero; even as we might expect from one who was such an ardent admirer and so devoted a student of the Grecian sage. There is an emotional power in this fervid

apostrophe. It shows strong feeling, such as is never manifested in the dry Peripatetic discussions, or the Stoical diatribes, or in the dead casuistry of a Seneca or an Epictetus. There is life here; it is characterized by the presence of a high emotional element that lifts it above the mere speculative aspect, into a loftier spiritual region, making the utterance it inspires the language of soul rather than of mind regarded as intellect merely. Though at a vast remove, it carries with it some faint remembrance of the power that was in our Saviour's teachings. Words thus spoken not only instruct but *vivify* the soul. In a lower sense, and without intending any irreverent comparison, may we say of them: "They are *spirit*, and they are *life*." It is a perception not only of the consistency, and utility, and logical agreement of truth, but of a divine beauty in it that draws out such an exclamation: "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand," "a day spent in accordance with thy precepts is to be preferred to an immortality of error,"—"an erring immortality," *peccanti immortalitati*, if we may not give to it the deeper sense suggested by the scriptural term *sin*. Substitute in this glowing passage the word *religio* for *philosophia*, and we have the Bible language as well as the Bible idea. It indicates a diviner sphere of truth towards which the noble Tully seems drawn in the deep soul-trials that followed his stormy political life. There is a feeling of sadness in the declaration and its pathetic accompaniments. It tells of suffering, of reverse of earthly fortune, of persecution from unrelenting foes; but it gives evidence of a spirit seeking a purer light, a higher life than that of worldly ambition. Never in all the glory of his triumphs over Cataline, or when hurling the lightning of his eloquence at the monster Clodius, or the impious tyrant Verres, does he appear so truly great as in this and other passages of a similar kind that may be quoted from his later writings.

ACADEMIC DIPLOMAS.

Although we cannot question the *legal* right of academies to confer honorary diplomas, yet there are objections coming from the evils of the system, which plainly render their *moral* right questionable.

We object to the system, in the first place, for the reason that our academic courses, as almost uniformly conducted, are not adequate to establish a sufficient basis for professional life, or for professional study. On the hypothesis that a course is faithfully followed, let us examine somewhat into the attainments which such courses confer. In mathematics, the graduate has a general knowledge of Arithmetic,—which is likely to be very indefinite, unless made certain by experience in teaching,—the elements of Algebra, an imperfect idea of Plane Geometry and some vague notions of Philosophy. In the five or six terms of Latin, and three or four of Greek, there is opportunity for acquiring only the rudiments of a classical education. Very little attention is given to, and certainly little proficiency attained in, the sciences—Chemistry, Botany and Geology. Little or no attention is given to History. In English Literature the graduate is generally a bigoted novice who is apt to display his love and fine culture by oft repeated quotations from the poets. In composition he is vague and bombastic; in declamation, boisterous and gesticulative; in debate, verbose and senseless. There are exceptions to this, but even the exceptional cases are due to prior attainments and marked ability rather than to the course. Consider then that not in one case out of every hundred is a course of study made what it should be to the student; and also the superficiality which is induced by the very condition of the studies being prescribed, and who will doubt the conclusion that such

courses are utterly inadequate to establish the character for scholarship which they, by awarding honorary diplomas, tacitly profess. They instil a culture too meagre to give the name of a "liberal," or even a "business education."

Again: The tendency of the custom is to inculcate superficial notions of scholarship. Pope's maxim, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," is nowhere more fittingly applied than to the graduate of such schools.

The student, even in our colleges, is apt to magnify his attainments, and build exaggerated hopes and "air castles" upon them. Indifference to that which is unknown is very natural, and not till one has learned, by long investigation, something of the extent of information and breadth of culture of which the human mind is susceptible, is this indifference superseded by curiosity. Thus, ignorant of the truer criterion, the student forms all his estimates of scholarship by emulations and honors in public. When he receives his diploma, he naturally reasons, "This honor must signify something of value to me in the eyes of the world! It will say to all who read it that 'I am educated.'" The diploma tacitly implies it, and the student's natural pride readily leads him to believe it. He is incapable of forming logical and philosophical judgments, and is just wise enough to think the best *sophistry* the best *reasoning*. He seeks all arrows barbed with *stratagem* rather than with *truth*. He mistakes tact and craft for culture and wisdom. In a word, he is superficial, but does not know it; his diploma has told him differently.

Another objection is that its tendency is to satisfy the student with inferior attainments. A student is apt to see the *goal of study* in his diploma. Few, especially in academies, really make practical the lesson that the scholar is always the learner. They fancy that a "sheep-

skin scroll" is the key which is to unlock for them the mystery of success. There are hundreds graduating annually, not only from academies but from colleges, who launch out upon the sea of life with nothing but their diplomas for sails, sure to die at last without having "cleared port,"—rotten hulks that, for the want of canvass, never found the sea.

If such evils grow out of the system, as irreparable evils and losses certainly do, how else than founded on a false principle can it be regarded? When these honors are degraded to the crowning of such meagre attainments, it is high time the world were suspicious of their value.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
  Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
  And now was Queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
  Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
  Held undisturb'd their ancient reign
    In the solemn midnight
      Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
  The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient urged his chariot's flight
  From lordly revel, rolling home!
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
  His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What wrecked the Roman, what befell
  A paltry province far away,
    In the solemn midnight
      Centuries ago!

Within that province far away
  Went plodding home a lowly boor;
A streak of light before him lay
  Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
  Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought,
  The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Oh! strange indifference! low and high
  Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why!
  The world was listening—unawares!
How calm a moment may precede
  One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
  Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
  A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
  The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn
  To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
  The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Gold is obtained from the mine by digging the earth, and from the miser by digging his soul. Men of groveling disposition expend not, and hoard with care; saying that the hopes of expending are better than having spent. You will see one day according to the wish of the enemy, the money left and the wretch dead.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

Among the many subjects which are at present attracting public attention, the question of Compulsory Education occupies a prominent place. Should our government compel all the children in the country to obtain a certain amount of knowledge, or at least to attend school until they reach a certain age?

There are always some persons opposed to every measure, no matter how many and important may be the advantages that will accrue from it, or how few and trifling the difficulties to be overcome in carrying it into effect. The benefits of an education are many and important. It is unnecessary to speak of them. All who are educated, know what they are. The fact that there are serious difficulties to be overcome in carrying this measure of compulsory education into effect, is also too plain to be overlooked. Hence we find many persons arrayed against it. But are we to stop in a good undertaking because difficulties arise and oppose us? Had this rule been adopted where would be the Atlantic Telegraph, the Pacific Railroad, the Suez Canal, and the Mount Cenis Tunnel to-day? In short, what kind of a world would this be if everybody worked on this plan? A terribly woe-begotten one, no doubt. Do not think of it. Fill your mind with such thoughts that your feelings cannot possibly be worked upon by such a picture.

The *Pennsylvania School Jonrnal* lately published the best article against compulsory education that has as yet attracted our attention. It was written by W. W. Woodruff. We do not pretend to criticise it, but would merely state that after reading it we involuntarily came to the conclusion that the writer must be a friend, or at least a disciple of that illustrious benefactor of the Empire

State,—Hon. Wm. M. Tweed. Mr. Woodruff admits that "parents should be compelled to educate their children," and then adds, in the language of the distinguished gentleman spoken of, "but what are you going to *do* about it." Prof. McMillan, in our opinion, satisfactorily answers this question. He says: "Establish a school to be under the supervision of the School Commissioners, equipped and provided in all respects like the other public schools, forming one of the same general system and subjected in every particular to the same rules and regulations. To put the plan in practical operation and keep it so, I would recommend the appointment of an officer whose duty it should be to compel the regular attendance of all boys for whom the school is designed, or included within the limits of its provision."

Mr. Woodruff thinks "a compulsory law must have a penalty. This must be fine, or imprisonment, or both." We confess our inability to see why this is so.

A bill favoring compulsory education was introduced into our State Legislature last winter. We did not read it and do not know whether it was a good one or not. If it was a good one, (of which we have no doubt,) we regret that it did not pass; whether it was or not, however, it was a step in the right direction, and showed that the people of New York were waking up to the necessity of a popular education.

None, not even the editor of the *New York World*, will deny the statement that the Democratic majority in the Sixth Ward of New York and similar districts of our great cities, would be to-day much smaller than it is had a compulsory education law been passed by our Legislature fifty years ago and strictly enforced down to the present time. Hence it is that it has become almost a party question; that while Republicans introduce bills favoring it in our Legislatures and urge the passage of

them, Democrats oppose them and do all in their power to defeat them. "Cunning schemes unite with a miserable parsimony or a partisan prejudice to break down, or at least disfigure, our system of popular education." Massachusetts, Connecticut, and other New England States have tried the measure, and with good results. New Hampshire lately came out in favor of it, and Texas has passed a law which demands four months attendance each year of "all the scholastic population." And yet New York, instead of leading in this great cause as it should, is still "lagging in the rear." There are strong indications that our next Legislature will be Republican. If it is, we hope it will not fail to do its duty in this matter, and although Governor Hoffman is a Democrat, we have reason to believe that he will not fear to do his duty also.

How much should all children be compelled to learn? Different persons have different notions on this point. They should, at least, learn something about Arithmetic as well as reading and writing. By being compelled to get this rudimentary knowledge, a desire for more will be felt by many or most of them, which will be satisfied by voluntary studying. Perhaps the better plan would be to compel them to attend school a certain length of time without regard to the amount of knowledge they may acquire. It is claimed by some that the state should require a moral as well as an intellectual education. If a moral education can be given indirectly, along with an intellectual, all well and good; but if not, it would be downright folly for a state to require it, as the end would be a civil war, or the abandonment of the measure.

Among the objections which are raised to compulsory education and which include most of the difficulties to be overcome in enforcing a law favoring it, are: first, it is in direct opposition to the principles of a free government.

On the contrary it seems to us that a better law could not be enacted by *any* government. All governments should take such steps as are necessary for their self-preservation. Education is the corner-stone of a *free* government. Just in proportion as our people become ignorant, so our government becomes feeble and depraved. There are now in the United States, several millions of people who cannot read their Bibles. What will become of us unless something is done to keep the number from increasing fearfully in the future? Switzerland, whose government is as free as any under the sun, enforces a compulsory law, except in four cantons. Other European nations enforce the same law. Are we not more in need of it than they? We are daily receiving and absorbing the most illiterate persons from every land, persons who had very little to do with the government of the country from which they came, but who have very much to do with it here. With European nations "much depends on the education and the intelligence of the people; with us everything." Second, poor people, whose children aid them materially in supporting their families, cannot meet their expenses if their children go to school, and so are obliged to keep them out at work. In every such case let the town in which the family resides assist it as much as the children did, and compel *them* to attend school. If they are in want of suitable clothing, let the town furnish it. Such a course would diminish the number of prematurely-old boys and girls in our land, at the same time increasing the number of bright-eyed and healthy ones. It is a downright shame that children of tender age are permitted to work from morning till night, the year round, in factories or elsewhere. Every one of them should be compelled to spend a portion, at least, of each year at school. Third, it is a difficult matter to make a person learn when he does not care to do so. Ad-

mitted. But show this person that it is for the good of his country as well as for his own good; that his ignorance is not only a curse upon himself but also upon his friends, and it is quite probable that he will do his best. And sometimes, it may be urged, when the children are willing to get an education their ignorant fathers do not see the importance or necessity of it, and so oppose it. It will be found, however, that there are few such fathers. Who of us has not heard wealthy but ignorant men say that they would give the greater part of their riches for an education? In fact it may be almost laid down as a rule that none place a higher value upon knowledge than those who possess but little of it.

Among the other arguments brought forward against the measure, we noticed one in a New York paper the other day, which struck us as being quite novel. It was this: "Educated rogues are the worst rogues; had Ruloff been an ignorant man he would not have been so great a rascal." Mr. Woodruff also has something to say on this point. He thinks that "ignorance is not the greatest of evils," but that "intelligence with evil aims is worse." Now admitting that this is so, does it follow that children should not be educated? That through fear of making a few educated rogues we should permit those children who are "as untutored as the Arabs or Diggers" to grow up in their ignorance,—"growing into crime as into age, and yet growing into the possession of political influence?" Is there not as much danger of depriving the country of the services of future statesmen and scholars by neglecting to pass and enforce a compulsory law, as there is in taking such a step of furnishing it with educated rogues to prey upon it? The answer is so obvious that nothing need be said about it.

We have all doubtless heard the question asked, "If everybody were educated who would build our railroads,

dig our canals and perform all our manual labor?" Educated men, of course; and by so doing they would elevate labor which is itself ennobling! Or, if they *declined* to do this kind of work, we should find the "heathen Chinee" ready and willing to do it for them. A little learning may be a dangerous thing; and if five or six years schooling makes a boy think he is too good to work, he should be sent either to a phrenologist or to the penitentiary at once.

It would, perhaps, be somewhat expensive to enforce a law favoring compulsory education, but can anyone tell us how money can be laid out to better advantage by a government,—especially by a Republican government?

It seems, then, that compulsory education *is* desirable; that there should be a law on our statute books favoring it, and that this law should be rigidly enforced. May the day soon come when this shall be the case! when *all* the inhabitants of our land shall be educated, prosperous and happy! Let Prussia,—whose state policy is to teach every child the rudiments of learning,—let Protestant, enlightened, invincible Prussia be our example! Let us take warning from a country whose state policy was to repress education,—from Catholic, ignorant, humbled France!

What is that, mother?
A Junior, son:
The harder half of his course is done;
And his upper lip is his only care,
For his fondest hope is struggling there.
Yet he wears an air of quiet ease,
Intended the college fair to please.
Learn, my child, when you grow big,
To enjoy, like the Junior, *otium cum dig.*—*Advocate.*

The way to gain a good reputation, is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates.*

CONSERVATISM IN UNION.

The high position which Union took in the past was due, in a large degree, to the liberal thought and action of its great President, Dr. Nott. He built up this institution and made it essentially useful and popular, though that popularity belonged more especially to Dr. Nott than to the College. At the time of his death the College class-rolls were full, though for a number of years he had been feeble and inactive; yet his great reputation was fully alive, and young men sought instruction where his kindness and good government might direct them. When he was dead, thousands of noble men in our land,—Union's Alumni,—at their homes or beside the orator, Mr. Seward, who delivered the funeral oration, bowed their heads through affection, through reverence, through deep abiding sorrow for the loss of their great friend and teacher. All thought and felt that a crisis had come in Union's history; that the one whom they had followed, after whose thoughts they had moulded their own, was gone—that the heart of the College had ceased to beat. Many buried their enthusiasm, their love for the institution, with its President. With the return of each Commencement anniversary we witness the gathering of Union's sons, and listen to their speeches,—all of which are loyal to the past; but they speak better for the present and the future.

Each returning graduate strolls into the garden and looks upon the dear spot under the great elm where the Doctor wrote his clear, beautiful sermons, or turns with sadder heart and slower step to the cemetery where, beside the brook, under another elm, the Doctor rests. This past of old Union is noble, and recollections of it cannot, and should not be effaced from the memory of

her children. The person and the deeds of the venerable Doctor Nott, who presided so long and so ably over the interests of the College, should receive from year to year fitting tokens of remembrance; but Union's children should bear in mind that the College has a present and a future for which there needs to be some provision made. We need large sums of money to aid in placing our buildings on an equal footing with those of the newer institutions of the State; but there are things for which there is a more pressing need than exists for money. The Trustees and the Faculty ought to announce to the world that the College has spirit enough to assume some responsible position in reference to the great political questions of the day. In a country which is so thoroughly Republican as ours, every institution of learning should be open to all persons who are to become voters, and who may be called upon to take part in the affairs of our government. The most prosperous Colleges in our land have opened their doors to all men. (I use the term men in its generic sense, meaning women too.)

Union has no fixed theology; yet all believe and worship God,—a "Union" of all denominations. This tolerance in religious belief is highly satisfactory to all. Union was among the first to break up the old, rigid course in classics, and substitute for it the more useful sciences. The rich and the poor are alike respected and welcomed here; and for many who would be otherwise unable to obtain a College education, liberal provisions have been made. All of these things are to the honor of the institution, yet, against it is the fact that its doors are closed to negroes, and to women. The present student of Union receives a thorough training in Rhetoric, Logic and oratory. He goes forth well prepared to use the pen or to resort to the public stage in behalf of theories and principles which will advance his fellow men; yet, what avail is all

this training if he has not learned the great lesson, that all men are equal in God's sight, and that that man who does most to elevate and advance all of his fellow men does most in fulfilling a great destiny? Each of us learns the theories and principles of Mechanics, and the grander theories of Astronomy—solving many hard problems relating to distant stars and planets; yet, what avail is all this, if we do not learn to solve the simple and beautiful problem of charity and sympathy for our kind? Union needs to assume the responsibility of possessing some liberal political principles. No institution of learning can afford to be in the rear of public opinion. The question of the equality of all classes and all races has long ago been settled in this country. The man who learns orthodox views of religion, morals and politics at a College, will in all after life cherish for it a warm love. Union, if she would prosper, must teach truths of all kinds in their broadest sense—in science, in philosophy, in morals, in religion and in politics. Then the future graduates will be the warmest friends of the College. Prudence bids us, let the graduate of the past worship at memory's shrine, beside the green mound under the elm tree; let him lead his children reverently back to his Alma Mater, saying, "Look! this was Doctor Nott's house; this his chamber; this is his grave." But let the institution change; let the course of study be enlarged from year to year; let its doors be opened to colored as well as white students, and let ladies who desire them be given places in our midst. When these things are done some few will turn away from our doors, but those will come to take their places, whom the world most needs to have educated.

The present students, the greater number of whom are Democrats, cherish their narrow opinions and are content with our neutral position in politics, and these changes would not effect them to a great extent.

The future graduate will love the College for the principles which he has learned here. The stranger will point to its walls, saying, "Look, it is an institution where any person may gain such a knowledge of science and literature as his occupation in life may require, and where all may learn the equality of mankind.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

Upon the portico of the temple at Delphi were inscribed in golden letters the wonderful words *Γνῶθι Σεαυτον.* This precept of that early pagan period has come down to us with almost the significance of a divine truth. Thus far did a heathen philosophy advance. Groping about in the darkness in quest of truth, from the deep chaos of the spiritual night which enveloped it, it culled a grand and sublime idea embodied in the words "*Γνῶθι Σεαυτον.*" Like a flash of lightning from the blackness of the storm-cloud, or the rainbow of promise from the midst of the storm, appears this precept of that darkened period which bids every man know himself.

The world of science about us presents a broad field for study, and offers abundant rewards to the diligent student of its mysteries. It allures the enquiring mind onward, ever opening up new wonders; gratifying at once and stimulating those aspirations of the human soul which, faintly at least, prefigure its divine origin and immortal nature. In the prosecution of science the student sweeps the broad expanse of the firmament, counts, names and marks the course of the far-distant heavenly bodies; pierces the vast unknown; subdues the powers of nature to his bidding; spurns to-day the slowness of centuries agone and brings forth spectral forms from the

sepulchre of the past. Messages are committed to the convoy of the lightning and from the very elements themselves is wrung the power to sound new depths of truth. Prosecuting science, the student pierces below the foundation of mountains and the ocean bed, and from the very bowels of creation gathers those monumental slabs which dimly trace the primal story of the earth.

But in the earnest pursuit of such knowledge we are apt to lose sight of what is more important. We are prone to be content with a knowledge merely of the external world. There is a world within which far surpasses that without in the awful grandeur of its nature and destiny. It is a knowledge of this inner world which the ancient precept enjoins upon us. However narrow it may seem, this presents a broader and far richer theme for study than all the wonders of the world of science.

This is deep and unfathomable like the infinite nature of its Divine Author. We may ever study this and yet never come to a perfect knowledge of it, while bound beneath the fettering disabilities of sin. Yet this fact does not make this a forbidding subject, presenting only unfathomable difficulties. There is much of mystery in all fields of study; how much more then in this, where the subject of our search takes on so much of the nature of the Infinite. There is an approximate knowledge of Self which we can obtain, the possession of which becomes a duty incumbent on all men. Of this self-knowledge there may be more than a single aspect. One is occupied with merely the surface of human nature. This is such as may be gained by the intercourse of man with man; by an extended experience, or by other resorts of the human mind. It is at best only superficial. But there is a self-knowledge which transcends this as far as heaven and eternal things transcend the merest things of time. This pierces to the very core of human nature

and goes down to the spiritual depths of the soul. This is the only true self-knowledge, and is founded upon the Sacred Scriptures. Perfect self-knowledge must be based here, for here alone in all the realm of study is solved the awful problem of human existence. Self-knowledge must be based upon the character which the divine inspiration assigns to man. He is an immortal spirit, the offspring of God, and yet a creature of passions and sins, estranged by nature from the Creator, still accountable to Him. Spirit and flesh; wondrous commingling of heaven and earth, endowed with an immortal part which must survive the wreck of time and the decay of matter and be co-existent with the Great Eternal. Destined to an eternity which knows no beginning nor any end, but which, ever extending on and on through illimitable ages, finds not even a beginning, where man's highest powers of conception fail in the attempt to grasp the incomprehensible idea of eternity. The Sacred Scriptures alone reveal the true nature of man and answer satisfactorily those solemn questions which are ever occurring to the inquisitive mind—as to man's origin, the intent of his being and the whither to which he is bound. These are solemn questions, and upon their solution hang eternal destinies. Philosophers long labored hard to answer them but failed. They long reasoned at these truths, but in the Scriptures alone are the sublime ideas surely taught. Let the devotee of learning then draw near, and by the light of divine revelation, reverently turn inward upon himself his soul's most intent gaze, and in the stern grandeur of eternal truth shining about him, from this true fountain of learning, learn what his being's being is. What grander subject for study than this! What more exalted theme for the search of philosophy! What more noble subject to engage man's highest study than this strange, mysterious thing,—Self!

GOD'S WAY OF MAKING MAN GODLIKE.

A Baccalaureate Sermon, Preached in the First Presbyterian Church of Schenectady, June 25, 1871, by Rev. Charles A. Aiken, D. D., President of Union College.

II Peter, 1:4. "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

Man may be, should be like his God. The depth and strength of this conviction are indicated on all sides in what man has lawfully and unlawfully believed, felt, imagined, desired, dared and done.

As early and as widely as he has formed the conception of a personal God, having a nature and a character to which another nature and character could be like, so early and widely has he recognized in himself elements of God-likeness. At times the recognition has tended to lift him up;—again, to draw his divinity down. Idolatrous heathenism has put the conception to one use, and has often made men of the Gods; the pride of human reason has gone to the other extreme, and would often make a God of man. But the error is in the perversion, for in the idea itself lies an important and precious truth. Man was made "in the image, after the likeness" of his Maker. God's word does not denounce as impious the belief in such a resemblance, does not rebuke the aspiration, or repress the ambition, or forbid the expectation that would secure a more complete and evident and satisfying likeness. It is forgetfulness of the godlikeness that already is, and indifference to what may be, that are emphatically forbidden, rebuked, denounced. If, now, this desire has taken strong possession of a man,—if it has become

his great ambition (and what other ambition is so grand as this,) to resemble his God as fully as he may, how shall his desire be directed and regulated? What shall he do; what methods adopt; of what helps avail himself, toward the attainment of his end?

As the Scriptures set forth the temptation and fall of our first parents, the fatal solicitation addressed itself to this very sensibility. A godlike knowledge,—a likeness to God in the knowledge of good and evil, was the specious bribe for the sake of which they cast away their innocence, and the innocence of their race. God had a better way of securing to them a better knowledge, a knowledge like his own,—an experimental knowledge of good,—a knowledge of evil only in its opposition and contrast to what they should be and do. His way was their obedience; a way requiring time and yielding gradual results, and holding them to a constant recognition of their dependence. They would become as gods by a quicker method and a bolder stroke; one that released them from a burdensome sense of subjection, and they became a law to themselves, and dared to break the law of their God. They acted as if they were gods in right; and by quick and sad experience they gained knowledge of evil; but their knowledge of good could no longer be the rich and satisfying knowledge that comes with and through experience. "Ye shall be as gods," had been the tempter's promise addressing a legitimate and noble desire. But bitterly did the result unmask their folly and the tempter's lie.

Not thus like gods! not now godlike either in kind or range of knowledge, and most ungodlike in character. Their asserted rights became no real rights, their usurped independence no true independence. And in the day they ate the forbidden fruit they died. Alas! they did not die alone.

It cannot be by mere chance that their descendants have, notwithstanding the disastrous results of man's first trial of the Satanic way of becoming godlike, with one consent followed that ill-omened method. Self-assertion, the casting off the restraints of a Divine law, the enthronement of individual reason, the deification of individual desire and will, the usurpation of the prerogatives of God, the saying in the heart "there is no God but self;" has not this been the universal disposition of our race, left to itself? And is it all of chance? Have not you and I first tried this method of becoming godlike? Who of us persist in it to-day? But God's word shows us a more excellent way. And I know of no theme to which I can more fitly ask your attention to-day. Of the various representations which the Scriptures might supply us, I select for our present use the one given us by St. Peter near the beginning of his second Epistle.

The general scope of the passage is this: In view of the nature and extent of God's gracious giving and dealing, believers are urged to give all diligence on their part, to add virtue to faith and knowledge to virtue, and the rest. God's gifts comprise "all things that pertain to life and Godliness," and of this attainment the first condition is "the knowledge of Him that hath called us;" and he is specially worthy to be known because he hath called us by "His glory and excellence,"—the glory of his being and the excellence of his working,—the fulness of his natural and moral perfections being as it were the means of his calling us. Now God's perfection which prompted him to call his people and in which he would be known, that the knowledge may dispose and qualify us for the reception of his amazing gifts, has chosen this as the specific mode of his working: "*By his glory and excellency he hath given to us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine*

nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." The originating and acting power is all the fulness of God's perfection; the means divinely selected and employed, "exceeding great and precious promises;" the intention, man's partaking the Divine nature, which carries with it and involves an escape from the world's corruption. Here surely is no mean invitation and offer; a great escape and a great exaltation. Here are no puny or inapt instrumentalities,—God's exceeding great promises. Nor are these empty, inadequate and unreliable; they proceed from, express, and embody God's infinite glory and excellency.

Would you then be like your God? Is this your worthy ambition, your lofty aspiration? Here is an offer large enough—that you be made partaker of the Divine nature, and as a necessary incident that you absolutely and forever escape the corruption which evil desire, a misdirected and misproportioned ambition, a lust brought into the world.

Three things invite our consideration: 1st, the end in which God's large intention and our noblest ambition may meet; 2d, the means which God devises and supplies; and 3d, the origin of this infinitely wise and liberal scheme.

1. *The end.*

The Divine essence is of course incommunicable. The created cannot become the uncreated; the finite cannot become the infinite; the dependent cannot become the self-existent and eternal. The formulas by which we attempt reverently to set forth our doctrine of the Divine nature will never, after the lapse of numberless years, come to be a correct description of one of God's saints. Neither would the grace of God prompt this, nor the wisdom of God conceive it, nor his power be adequate to its accomplishment. Identity being impossible, the commun-

ication of Divine attributes and functions being impracticable, are we thrown back upon the conception of an unreal and mystical connection or communication between the Divine nature and our own? There must be strong meaning in so strong an expression—"that ye may become partakers of the Divine nature." The expression is unique, the entire phrase being found nowhere else in God's word, and the word translated "*nature*" being found nowhere else in this sense. It is only that which God is by nature *morally* (or in his moral nature,) that is communicable; this only that is naturally his, can he impart or we partake. In that purity and holiness which are preeminently the Divine nature, we may by the grace of God share. In this form godlikeness is possible, and not only as a possible communication from him, but as a thing that we may properly strive in right ways to gain. This God does not of necessity withhold from his creatures. It is not one of the inevitable incidents to their created being that they should go without this. He is indeed a God "jealous for his honor," and "will not give his glory to another;" but here he not only does not repel our approach, or grudgingly withhold his aid. He seeks to awaken dormant aspirations, to quicken and invigorate this ambition; and as if with great pains strives to create these sentiments where they did not exist before. And his proffers of help are constant and urgent; within proper bounds and in a large measure he even forces his aid upon us. We have positively to reject it before we are wholly without it.

But our text's description of the end which God is seeking is partly negative. What we cease to be is set forth with what we become,—what we escape with what we partake. And this double representation is not arbitrary but necessary. An approach toward God is of itself a receding from corruption. But this escape is not a

mere passive rescue to which we submit, or of which we are unconscious; it is a positive fleeing from corruption. And God's end is not merely to deliver us by an interposition from above; he would arouse, dispose and empower us to flee. This must be so; in one sense God himself has no choice in this matter. For so far forth as corruption was our willing state, we must with earnest and resolute endeavor seek to change our state.

This corruption is in the world and is in us through lust, wrong desire, evil ambition; and our continuance in it, and its continuance in us is through lust. Now we must be brought, if possible, through the summoning of all our energy and resolution, to resist and reject and expel the corruption. This is the end that God is seeking, so full, and complete in itself, so worthy of him, so rich in honor and blessing to us. And is not the end one in which our ambition should go out eagerly to meet God's intention? What other conception of creature likeness to God is rational? What other form and degree and mode of godlikeness would be preferable if the idea could be rationally conceived? We read of "angels that kept not their first estate," but tried a new and ungodly way of becoming godlike, and who in their malignity after their experience would have us make trial of their way. Does our ambition incline us to that path with its experience? Who that has not the spell of the old serpent upon him, sees anything desirable or hopeful in that direction? Let God's great loving desire as it reaches down to lift us up,—reaches out to draw us toward Him, find us awake to the folly and fatality of Satan's way of becoming godlike, struggling away from our corruptions, reaching with that eagerness which alone is wholly reverent up toward a partaking of the Divine nature.

2. *The means* by which God designs to attain his end. The result is to be wrought out in a moral being. It is

a moral change that is to be effected. The means must be at least appropriate to the sphere in which they are to be used, and the results that are to be reached. If in our ignorance we have no warrant for saying that not even the Divine Spirit can change a moral disposition or a moral state in any other way than by the application of truth, we are surely abundantly authorized both by Scripture and by experience to claim that God has in this matter put great honor on the truth. By truth He enlightens, arouses, elevates, softens, invigorates and rectifies man's moral nature. The explicit testimony of our text is, "*He hath given us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature.*" The question must of course be: Is it by *the things promised* that we are to be made partakers of the Divine nature, or is it wholly or mainly by *the power of the promises?* Are the promises merely the channel or vehicle of the mighty power that makes us godlike, or are they themselves at least in part the power? Are the promises "exceeding great and precious" and effective solely in their subject or their contents, or are they in themselves a powerful and fitting agency? Are not promises, Divine promises,—these Divine promises put by Him who utters them into these relations, and clothed with this honor, because as promises they so well reveal Him, so well meet our want, and promote our growth in godliness?

No one will question the greatness and preciousness of the things which God has promised. Neither can any one imagine that they are merely great ornaments, precious superfluities, without which our spiritual welfare is already sufficiently real, rich, and assured. Are they not rather the very conditions of our well-being,—means of it,—aids to it,—elements and signs and rewards of the soul's life? What that is really good has He not promised for this earthly life of his saints? What could be

added to their future life in character, attainment, power, honor, joy, that is not securely inscribed among his promises? It is a great and precious truth that the things which God has promised are to contribute in their time and place and order most effectively to our partaking of the Divine nature. Each has its place, and its work, but it cannot be directly operative until it becomes actual, and is no longer a thing promised, but a thing possessed, enjoyed, experienced. For the present, therefore, until the time for fulfillment comes, the working power must be in the promises as promises. They are the present reality. Let the final contribution to our soul's progress from the great and precious *things* that God has promised be as large and important as it may, the present contribution is made by God's *promises*, and our faith in them. He has given the promises and he gives the faith and together they work mighty. His promises enter upon their fulfillment as soon as faith begins, and our possessions grow with our faith; but is there not far more in reserve? Not merely for the beginning of the Christian life but for its whole course is it the law, in this as in other departments and directions, that "we walk by faith." And in these matters faith is in promises.

It is mainly in two ways that God's promises as such tend, and tend powerfully, to make us partakers of the Divine nature, and to aid our escape from the corruption that is in the world and in us. And in these we see the superior excellence and effectiveness of God's way of making us godlike.

a. The instructive and guiding power of God's promises is a means and a fit means of our progressive and complete renewal. One taught by law and promises surely knows more of God, and more of the course that is proper and desirable for himself, than he who is instructed by law alone. And one guided and held to right courses by

law and promises should make more rapid progress than he who has only the formal law dictating to him, or the inward law of changed affections prescribing within him. Are not the promises "exceeding great and precious" in their instructiveness? What new light do they throw on the nature and disposition of God! How do they present the facts concerning Him in their most attractive aspects! How do they reveal for the first time, or in some new relation His view of the things that are most important and best for us! How clearly do they indicate the full mode and measure of His purpose to do us good! Instructed by His promises we better know Him to whom we would be like; we better understand in what likeness to Him consists; we know what helps are available for various parts and for the whole of our great work; we know what sure and large results to anticipate,—results graciously called rewards, yet in fact gratuitous, so vastly do they exceed the merit of the services which they require.

Of course the light of God's promises does not shine directly upon the corruptions from which we are to flee. It is turned quite the other way. And yet the increased brightness and glory of the way before us, and of the objects toward which we are drawn, makes the old sin and shame darker and more repulsive than before.

But the fitness of God's promises as an instrumentality connected with our advancement toward and in likeness to Him lies rather in this fact:

b. Their stimulus and support and inspiration. The light that the promises shed shines in our hearts even more than in our minds; and with the light comes encouragement and health and renewed energy. Cold illumination would not greatly help us. We need words of good cheer; we need the awakening and the constant revival of hope; we need to hear of and from One who is "able to make

all grace abound toward us, that we having all sufficiency in all things may abound to every good work." How our fears are dispelled! How our vigor is replenished! How we grapple with our corruptions! How we spring forward toward Him who can speak so to us when wearied, depressed, dismayed by the immensity of the work before us! To Him we would, we will be like,—of His nature we would, we will partake, whose gracious words are such a cordial to our spirits! Not irreverent, not self-sufficient, but in solemn eagerness and with all the intensity of purpose of which we are now capable, we take our vow, and in taking begin to redeem it. By such a resolve and consecration we have already widened the space between us and our old corruption; we have taken to ourselves more of the nature of our God. Hopelessness was part of the secret of our willing and deepening corruption. And when the least of God's promises is salvation begun, what shall the end and the sum be! Our way seemed long and our burden heavy; but one of the promises assures us of a Divine companionship all the way, and space shrinks and weight vanishes; and we sing when we were sighing, and spring when we were sinking, and trust, and fear no more.

Another teaching comes with our experience, and a teaching worth more to the heart than to the intellect,—that the fulfillment of the promise is not the emptying of it. One promise very great and precious as I am fleeing from corruption and mounting toward God is this: "As thy days so shall thy strength be." By grace I have proved it so to-day; shall I then cast the promise aside as an exhausted, worthless thing? All the more will I be sure of it and strong in it for the morrow!

And oftentimes the measure of any given fulfillment must be restricted to our present capacity. To have our present capacity filled full of any accomplished promise

of our God is beyond description. Will the dialect of Heaven be as inadequate to the description of the redeemed promises of the future?

It is part of God's excellent way of working, that the fulfillment of his promises is and must be to such an extent for the future.

He is not chary as though he might give too much or go too far. He does not dole out his help and his bounty by pittances. But from the very nature and greatness of the work he has in hand for us, its far-reaching duration and compass; the utmost that he can do for us now is only a beginning. If this were otherwise,—if it were possible that he should at the start give us all that he contemplates for us, is it not plain that spiritually it would not be as well for us? Materially we could not be as rich; for of the kind of treasure with which God proposes to endow his people we are incompetent to possess much here and now. And in power to receive, enjoy and use our portion, we shall gain far more under God's tutelage than if with our possessions in hand we went forth to care for ourselves. We need to be kept in the posture of faith, looking upward, looking forward, owning and using things invisible and things future. "Exceeding great and precious" as are the promises which God has given, we are now made to prize still more the promise that He is. We rely on what he is more than on what he says or what he does. These indicate to us what he is, but they are not so great as himself. We do not set them aside, whether fulfilled or unfulfilled; but our great incitement, encouragement and stay are to the end found in Him. Because of what his promises indicate him to be, and because at whatever distant and exalted points in the future we take our stand, (in imagination) there is and must be more unrealized than we have yet attained, we strive more intensely against corruption, we put our

whole soul into the daily endeavor to become like our God.

It is another element of the excellence of God's way of making us godlike, that it is necessarily limited to one class of persons. It absolutely excludes all but believers from its benefits. How can an unbeliever, why should he have any advantage from a system of promises? How great and precious are they to him? In what possible way can they be helpful to him, or efficient in him, until he gives up his unbelief? He is not fleeing from corruption who cherishes and nourishes not the foulest but the most fatal part of it in his unbelief. He is not capable of being godlike, the characteristic feature of whose inner life is that he does not trust his God.

Even since God began to give to men signs of his being and intimations of his will, for which he demands their faith, "scoffers walking after their own lusts" have derided his promises, and his way of working by promises, and the Christian's way of living on promises. In the issue thus made between us and them we are content to abide the judgment of the future. And God can wait the judgment if they can.

If we would anticipate the probable result of the arbitration, we must notice

3d, (and very briefly) *the origin* of this mode of making man Godlike into which God's promises enter so largely. The *end* to which our earnest aspiration and effort look—our becoming godlike—is an end with God as well as with us. The *means* are promises which he utters, and things promised which he must provide. Are the promises worthy of trust? Are the things promised worth securing? Nothing that God speaks or gives is fitly treated with contempt. But there are words and acts of his into which he puts (as it were) more of his own being. How deeply is he interested here? How thoroughly is

he committed? How largely are the resources of his nature engaged? Let us read again one clause of our text: "*By His glory and excellency* He hath given unto us exceeding great and precious promises." Whatever may be here described by these strong terms, this is the source of his plan, this the measure of his concern in it and identification with it. Are promises entitled to credit in which so much and this part of God's being is embodied, (if it be a part and not the whole)? Are the things to which God's promises relate to be accounted treasures, or trifles? Is he sane who deems this way of becoming godlike inviting and hopeful? He who discards it trusts some other promises; are they more reliable? He sees or imagines richer prizes; are they more substantial or satisfying? He prefers some other method of seeking godlikeness; how has it won his confidence and how will it justify his trust? It must be a human device or a Satanic suggestion; nothing else can come in competition with God's great promises. Passionate longings followed by a reaction into indifference and stupor, fitful strugglings, weary gropings,—this has been the method in which man unaided from above has worked his way toward excellence. And as for Satan's counsels, who has found them wise, or by what experience are they commended?

He must wish to see man very near to God in eminence and excellence who would lift man higher than God seeks to raise him. To this end he must promise well, who can promise better than our God. He must be a liberal giver who is more bountiful than the Lord. He must be a wise contriver who can vie in wisdom with the All-Wise. He must be a long liver who can be still at work in the execution of his helpful plans, when the Eternal God has ceased to work for his beloved. He must be of amazing faithfulness who will redeem his word, and maintain his

honor, and vindicate the faith that trusts him, when Jehovah has cast his holy name under the feet of the scoffers of earth and justified the blasphemies of the pit. For such a one it would be worth while to search far and long, for to him a soul might be well entrusted, without fear that eternity would find it less godlike than any but God himself. Meanwhile, while the search goes on (shall I call it a weary search—shall I call it a hopeless search?) and until such a one can be found and reliably identified to me, let me walk in this old beaten path of the Saints—the way of faith in Him who has in tones so sweet, and words so plain and strong, spoken these great and precious promises.

Young gentlemen: the world into which you are going out with your various ambitions comes to meet you and them with a host of invitations and promises. This afternoon's theme presses upon you three comparisons which if you are true men you must honestly make. Compare your ruling *ambition* with that which should inspire and control you. Have you a higher ambition than to be godlike,—each a partaker of the Divine nature? Have you this? Does your highest aspiration approach or resemble this? Nothing is gained by a hasty or false answer. I charge you, test your ambition well.

Then compare the *invitations and promises* on which you are basing your schemes for life with those given to God's people for two lives and two worlds. As rational men your plans rest on expectations of some sort. Something is holding out to you the prospect of good somewhere,—pleasure, honor, advantage, success, usefulness somewhere. I do not for the present ask who gives the guarantee that these are reliable promises. Suppose your anticipations are hereafter realized. I do not ask whether the ends for which you propose to live are wholly unworthy. I must ask, are they worthy the devotion of

your whole cultivated manhood,—worthy to be chief or supreme ends? All earthly ends that are fit to be ends at all are only the nobler for being subordinate to the right, supreme end,—the nobler for having something above them, in authority over them, to lift them out of their earthliness, and break their power to make us grovel in the dust and forswear our souls. If this supreme end is cast off, disowned, and so the inferior made supreme,—if you listen to any promise that the demands of your whole immortal being shall be satisfied under the supremacy of any inferior and usurping sceptre, you are treasuring up for some near or distant future a bitter disappointment. What are the promises that are moulding your life and your plans for life? Are they promises at all, or only hopes and fancies and ventures? Your life may be a failure under them, may it not? It will be a failure, will it not?—if they prove to be only phantoms and delusions. Your life may be built upon, and entrenched among promises that shall make a great failure, a general failure impossible.

Test well the promises that beckon you on to-day!

And then compare the *promiser* with Him whose glory and excellency prompt, announce, guarantee and execute the promises by which alone a life can be made godlike. Under what auspices are you going out to work in the world? Those of your own fancy? Those of any mere human counsel or human experience? Those of the spirit of ungodliness and skepticism that is not merely to meet you hereafter, but has already been parlying with you to gain your early confidence, and make a Christian future more difficult, uncertain and impossible for you?

Can any of these promise like our God,—as wisely, as kindly, as grandly and surely? What is their Bible, what their largest triumph, what their Heaven? Take heed to whom you give your trust! Your life and death and im-

mortal future will be according to the ambition that rules you, the promises that guide you, the promiser who wins your devoted loyalty.

I ask, I challenge your faith for my God.

TO SOMEBODY.

"Let us be friends," methinks I hear you say.
Ah well! 'Tis easy friendship's tie to form,
And yet how easily broken is the magic cord:
A word, a thought, a deed, and it is gone.

"I am your friend"—words spoken oft' in sport
And meaning nothing—from the heart expressed;
But rather meant to hide contempt and scorn,
Seeking by fair, false vows a heart to set at rest.

And yet, dear girl, I wish it were not so;
I wish that every vow uttered in friendship's name
Might, as the sacred word of truth, be held
Precious as life: pure, undefiled and free from blame.

I mean not here to rail and scoff at faith;
For faith and hope, as yet, to me are one.
But still you known, how oft' for me, alas!
Faith has proved false ere hope her course had run.

Friendship, when pure, can ne'er prove false nor frail;
Nor can mere words express the heartfelt joy
Of friendship pure. Then let us, both by word and deed,
Create a lasting friendship, free from dross alloy.

Like a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything becomes more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.—*Richter.*

FAITH,—ITS PLACE AND PREROGATIVE.

FIRST PAPER.—THE FIELD OF THE PHILOSOPHIC AND FINITE.

[Extracts from an article by Prof. R. B. Welch. D.D., published in the October number of *The American Presbyterian Review.*]

Shall faith be ruled out? This is not exclusively a question between philosophy and theology, but also a question of philosophy with philosophy. It has of late been fashionable in certain quarters to satirize Christian faith as folly, to admit nothing but "positive knowledge," to sneer at belief as irrational.

One class of these pretentious foes to faith, who occupy the realm of sense, assume the honest appellation of philosophers, yet magisterially limit all knowledge to this realm. What appears to sense they know. The phenomenal is the real,—the only real. Just what it is, they are not able to say; but that it is, they know. The senses are the media of communication, and the senses are the source of knowledge—the source of all knowledge.

Another class, in the same field of the sense, despising the appearance of modesty, reject the name philosopher; affirm the paradox that "there are more false facts than false theories"—(Lewes' Biographical History of Philosophy, etc.); and resolutely press their theory to its legitimate conclusion, "that a valid philosophy is impossible," "that science is radically opposed to and excludes all philosophy and theology." As said the sophists, so say they, that nothing is truly known, and the logical result is utter skepticism. "The ancient researches," says Lewes, "ended in skepticism, common-sense, and skepticism again. The modern researches ended in idealism, skepticism, common-sense, and skepticism."

The question, then, whether faith is entitled to any place and prerogative, concerns not theology alone, but philosophy as well; even science itself is not unconcerned.

The entire range of this discussion includes two fields: one, the philosophic and finite; the other, the religious and infinite; the former regarding matter, mind, and morals; the latter regarding God, immortality, and religion,—especially the Christian religion. After a brief survey of the ground, and a due limitation of terms, we shall follow two lines of argument, the indirect and the direct; by the first, to vindicate a place for faith by the admissions (positive or implied) of objectors themselves; by the second, to establish a place for faith on positive and reliable grounds. The higher domains of faith, the religious and infinite, we reserve for a second article.

The objectors to faith may be ranged in four classes. The first class object to faith because it cannot be verified by sense; the second, because it cannot be verified by the understanding. The third class object, that faith transcends reason. The fourth class object, that nothing can be believed, that doubt is universal.

We reply to the fourth objection, that it ends in sheer negation, not only of material substance and phenomena, but of mind and thought itself, even the very thought which gave it birth. The objection is suicidal; it does not allow us to believe that we doubt. To the third objection we reply, that although faith may transcend, it does not contradict reason. But this objection and reply belong especially to the second branch of the subject.

The first and second classes object, that faith cannot be verified by the sense, nor by the understanding. Yet both believe in principles which cannot be verified by the sense, nor by the understanding (as we shall show in the proper place); and these very principles underlie the processes, both of the sense and of the understanding,

and even the possibility of these processes. "Natural phenomena are ever fundamentally inexplicable by physical science alone."*

This belief, then, of these objectors, which is positive, vindicates a place for faith,—even for religious faith, as will appear in the progress of the discussion. *We* say this belief of the first and second classes of objectors relies upon reason for its existence, and for the principles which it recognizes. Reason verifies for the sense and for the understanding, in regard to these necessary principles or facts. So may it in regard to things spiritual and infinite. If it be said: Belief does not depend upon reason, but is ultimate and postulatory in reference to the sense and the understanding, we reply, this is only a stronger vindication of a place for faith; for so it may be said, *ad hominem*, in reference to religious faith, *it* is ultimate and postulatory.

Faith as a term extensive, is *belief founded upon evidence*, belief in every direction, toward the sense, the understanding, the conscience, the reason, and revelation, toward the finite, or the infinite, belief whether philosophic or religious. Faith as a term intensive or specific, is Christian faith, including not only mere belief, but all else that may be involved in faith. As the former, in its lowest and simplest definition, then, faith is belief founded upon evidence; in the highest and complete definition, it is saving trust in the Redeemer. As an essential in this definition of terms, we have inseparably joined with belief, the phrase, "founded upon evidence," whether the belief be lowest in reference to mere matter, or highest in reference to spiritual things,—even Christian faith. This definition at once and finally excludes from the discussion whatever does not rest upon evidence, be it credulity, superstition, or fancy. Faith evermore waits upon authority. It must have evidence of some sort; sense or

* Mivart's "Genesis of Species," p. 287.

reasoning, or human testimony, or conscience, or reason, or revelation. Faith is not first, but knowledge of some sort and degree. We cannot believe concerning that of which we have no possible apprehension, of which we know absolutely nothing. We believe in the existence of an external world, or at least, of external phenomena; but this belief is based upon the testimony of the senses. Thus founded, our belief may be so complete as to end in certainty. Distrusting the testimony of the senses may lead to the denial of an external world. So in regard to the understanding and its judgments, to the reason and its intuitions, to the conscience and its witness, to revelation and its teachings. In each direction faith relies upon appropriate evidence. There can be no primitive belief even, in the sense that they precede all evidence, all authority, all knowledge; or, in the sense that, if not preceding, they are independent of these. Such faith would be irrational and blind. If we may entertain such faith, then we may believe what we please, with or without evidence.

Again, in reference to different truths, faith, (belief) rests upon different authority. The authority or evidence of sense in reference to phenomena external or internal; the evidence of the understanding in reference to logical reasoning, inductive or deductive; the authority of reason for necessary and universal truths; the authority of conscience with reason for spiritual truths within the compass of finite discovery; and the authority of revelation for spiritual truths which lie beyond. So, different truths reach our belief or faith through different avenues. The truths differ, the avenues differ, (sense, understanding, reason, conscience, revelation,) the faiths differ, and the results differ. Yet in all, reason with its light as belonging to a rational soul is more or less present, is never wholly absent. Reason, as *locus principiorum*, belongs to

the soul, not as pre-existent according to Plato, but by the constitution of the soul, personal, rational. As thus constituted it cannot be like a piece of blank paper passively awaiting the inscriptions of experience. Coming into being as a soul in the image of God, (or, if it be objected as too early in the discussion to make this reference,) coming into being as a soul, it has reason, conscience, and a self-determining will, as well as perception.

By the constitution of the soul, no faculty (be it sense or understanding) acts wholly alone. No faculty is ever purely ἄλογον, says Aristotle (De Anima, Lib. iii, 9:2.) Reason gives to sense more than mere phenomena. Reason gives to the understanding more than mere qualities. Without reason, as everyone must admit, we should have only an inferior interest in the things of sense, even an inferior interest in the processes of the understanding. Now, with intense interest we are brought face to face with the great questions: What? How? and Why? with all that they imply. Even the child is not satisfied with knowing what is, but, by the soul's own impulse, asks the cause and the purpose; and the thoughtful mind eagerly inquires the real meaning of the universe. Reason and conscience, attracted evermore toward a higher unity, long to rest in the all-encompassing, supreme design. Hence not merely physical and intellectual, but rational and spiritual issues move the world. Hence questions concerning faith can not diminish, but must ever increase in interest. Then, as with all other exercises of the soul, reason is present, so reason (this is our point) should go with faith even in its highest exercise.

* * * * * *

The philosophy which would confine itself to fact and discard faith has not exhausted all possible facts when it has traversed the entire material world and penetrated all the mysteries of physical nature. If nature be known,

it is known as what? According to the first objector, only as material phenomena collocated in space, conjoined in time; according to the second objector, only as material being and phenomena related, or as effect and cause connected. But now suppose, "Man is descended," according to Darwin, "from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World," yet we have man to deal with, human nature to observe and study scientifically. This study, to say the least, is as important and exalted as the study of material or brute nature.

In the utmost range of physical sense, thought is not included, although it is the most common of all facts, ever-present and ever-changing. Affections, passions, are not included, although cherished by all, and unquestioned facts. Moral acts, choosing, willing, are not included, for, although exercised by every person, and constantly exercised, they elude the observation of the five senses.

Here, then, is a world of facts so different from those of the material world, that the very senses which give us a knowledge of the latter, utterly fail to give us the least notice of the former. What world is this? certainly not the material. The order of facts by which it is known is metaphysical. How shall these facts be perceived? How shall we hold communion with this world of thought and feeling and volition? It matters not what this world be called. Call it mind, or spirit, or soul; it is at least not material, not physical. This world is not without, but within us. Any person to know it, must know himself; that is, be self-conscious. Any person to study it, must attend to his self-consciousness. We, then, have found this second world so entirely different and distinct from the material world; and found the means of observing its facts. This second class of facts is especially worthy of our observation as related to our very being,

and most accessible as lying within the soul's self-comprehension. The boastful philosophy of fact is positively and logically bound to self-attention and self-study.

It may be claimed by some persistent objector that even this new world we occupy in common with the brutes, for the brute thinks and feels and wills. We do not stay to discuss this incidental question whether in mind the man is superior to the brute. If the philosophic objector insists that mentally the brute is his equal, we shall not insist to the contrary; and, if he prove his assertion even to a demonstration, we only reply that in all fairness it entitles the brute to the same intellectual credit and advantage with the philosopher.

In this world of thought what are some of the distinctive facts which we are to observe? First, not only that there is thought, but the consciousness of something thinking,—the self-assertion of a mind or soul, and not only a soul and thought, but thought about an external event as different from the thinking, or about an external object as different from the thinking; and further still, about an external object as the real substance, non-appearing, but underlying certain qualities which do appear, and about an event as produced by some cause. While, then, there is the fact of self-recognition—the fact of conscious self-activity—the fact of sharp and decisive discrimination between self and not self; between the internal and external phenomena, there is also the assertion, as a fact, that the soul is the cause of the internal phenomena and not of the external, and thus a distinction not only between the two kinds of phenomena, but also between the two kinds of causality as distinct as the two kinds of phenomena. And further, the assertion not only that the event has a cause and the quality a substance, but that every quality, every attribute, is thus related, and that every event has a cause. This the soul

unhesitatingly believes. How, we demand, are we to account for this not general but universal, not adventitious but necessary conclusion? However we have felt impelled to ask a similar question before, in view of the principles of space and time as conditional to all the processes of sense, and of the principles of substance and causality as conditional for all processes of the understanding, we can not longer postpone the question. Whence do we derive not only these conditionals for the sense and the understanding, but these ideas of the universal and the necessary? No perceptions of sense can discover these. No generalizations of the understanding can reach, much less furnish them. To deny their possibility is fallacious, for already we have them. They are in the mind. They are in the world. Whence are they? They are fundamental affirmations of the mind itself. It is itself the place of these principles. Call it, if you please, the high intuitions of the soul. Call it reason, as higher than the senses or than the discursive logical understanding. These principles exist, are employed, and are thus furnished. If these be furnished by the reason, then it would be, to say the least, irrational to ignore or disbelieve them. If furnished by the soul in the exercise of its higher power of whatever nature, it is equally irrational to disbelieve or ignore them. They are intellectual principles or starting points for all our positive knowledge, empirical or philosophic, intuitive or adventitious.

In thus tracing the line of mental facts we have reached a point which separates between man and brute. In the former we find this place of principles, which is wanting in the latter. Whatever of sense or understanding the brute may possess, he does not possess human reason, the place of principles—first principles, belonging to the very furniture of the human soul, necessary and univer-

sal, like all-pervading space and all-enduring time, like substance related to attribute and attribute to substance, universally and necessarily related; like effect related to cause, and cause to effect, universally and necessarily related.

Here, then, in the possession of reason, and not merely of reasoning as judgment according to the sense, is the human mind immeasurably exalted above the brute. Sublime as are the terms in which the great English dramatist characterizes the human reason, they are more than deserved.

Here, also, are principles universal and necessary, furnished by reason which the individual and general faith accepts. Here are facts of intelligence which, within this department of the philosophic and finite, furnish positive and reliable grounds for faith. We might specify other facts of intelligence: Æsthetic principles, which are the source and the security of fine art; mathematical and philosophical principles, which guide and govern science in its varied directions; but we turn to consider another class of facts.

A certain vizier had a stupid son whom he sent to a learned man, desiring him to instruct him, in hopes that his capacity might improve. After having instructed him for some time without any effect, he sent a person to the father with this message: "Your son has no capacity, and has almost distracted me. When nature has given capacity, instruction will make impression; but if iron is not of proper temper no polishing will make it good. Wash not a dog in the seven seas, for when he is wetted he will only be dirtier. If the ass that carried Jesus Christ was to be taken to Mecca, at his return he would still be an ass."

OBITUARY.

The undersigned, on behalf of the class of 1870, Union College, concur in the following resolutions:

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from this earth our beloved friend and classmate WILLIAM F. GRAY,

Resolved, That it is with feelings of the deepest sorrow and regret that we learn that death has so soon taken away one of our little band.

Resolved, That, while we are saddened at the thought of a loved companion being cut down at the very threshold of life, yet we would bow in humble submission to the will of God, and rest satisfied in the consciousness that He knoweth best.

Resolved, That in his death we mourn the loss of one whose memory will ever be associated with pleasant recollections of past days; whose genial nature and happy disposition never failed to win the friendship and love of all with whom he came in contact, and whose talents were of a high order, that early gave evidence of future eminence and usefulness.

Resolved, That to the bereaved parents and sister of the deceased we tender our heartfelt sympathy, and commend them to the tender mercy of Him who does not willingly afflict.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to each member of our class.

CHARLES C. LESTER.
MAX SCHWERIN.
ARCH. LYBOLT.
JAMES B. LOCKWOOD.

At a meeting of the Union Chapter of *Alpha Delta Phi* the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, In the mysterious providence of an all-wise Father, our esteemed and dearly loved brother, WM. F. GRAY, of the class of '70, has been removed from us by death, therefore

Resolved, That by his death, we are called to mourn the loss of a brother, earnest, faithful and beloved by all who knew him, and an honor to his class, to his family and to our society.

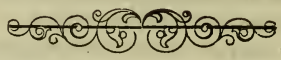
Resolved, That while we would not intrude on the sacred grounds of domestic affection, we would desire to tender to the parents of the deceased our warmest sympathy.

Resolved, That we testify to our sorrow by wearing the badge of mourning for the usual time.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the friends of the deceased and to each of the Chapters of *Alpha Delta Phi.*

J. M. THOMAS,
WM. P. RUDD,
E. L. MAPES,
Committee for the Chapter.

Union College, Sept. 10, 1871.



Editor's Table.

We do not deny that we assume the duties and responsibilities of Senior Editor with a slight fluttering somewhere in the vicinity of our left vest pocket. Our predecessors, no doubt, experienced the same feeling, but there are two reasons why there should be less fluttering near our vest pocket than there was near theirs; first, the prospects of Old Union are brighter than they have been for many years; and second, everything connected with the Magazine is in a most flourishing condition.

This is the first publication that has been issued at Union since our old President left us and our new one entered upon the discharge of his duties. It is a waste of words for us to state what has been expressed verbally so often and so truthfully by all in the College—that we were sorry to lose Dr. Aiken. We *were* sorry. Dr. Aiken was doing all he could to raise Union to a higher position, and had he remained we think he would have been successful. Through his efforts and those of Dr. Jackson, the alumni all over the land were waking up, and, as a practical result, nearly one hundred thousand dollars was subscribed for the erection of new college buildings. But Dr. Aiken could not stay with us, and Union is to be congratulated upon the fact that the place vacated by him is filled by such a man as Dr. Potter. Our new President has been with us long enough already to show that, to use a very expressive but not very elegant phrase, "he means business." He is building a fine residence between Mrs. Nott's and South College, and promises to have the roof over an elegant chapel before '72 graduates. Other improvements will no doubt follow. Dr. Potter is the youngest college president in the country. He is a graduate of Union (class '61,) and, as is quite natural, is deeply interested in the success of his Alma Mater. We have not heard a single student speak of him otherwise than in praise. That he may guide Union back to the place it once occupied under his grandfather, Dr. Nott, is the sincere wish of the vast army of Union's friends;—that he *will* do so is the confident expectation of all Union's sons. When the members of '72 come back in 1875 after their A. M's, they expect to find at least two hundred bright-eyed students strolling about the Campus; and when they return in 1882 to attend their Reunion, they will be sorely disappointed if they are not greeted by more than three hundred fine looking but noisy searchers after knowledge.

In regard to the Magazine, it is our design to publish the largest and the best one ever issued at Union. That it is the largest none can deny. Whether it is the best or not is for our readers to decide. As variety is regarded as an essential element in all magazines issued outside of colleges, we can see no reason why it should not be one of the leading features of a college publication; hence we have endeavored to secure as much of it as possible, always keeping in mind the fact, however, that the main object of college publications should be to foster college interests. The alumni ask for plenty of college news. We have endeavored to comply with their request. The portrait in this number is the first one that has made its appearance in our Magazine for several years. We shall insert, in the next number, a fine portrait of Dr. Potter, and as our connection with the Magazine as editor will cease with the publication of that number, we take this opportunity of expressing the hope that our successors will keep up this feature. Of course we cannot afford to enlarge the Magazine at our own expense. The only pay we receive, besides five copies of the Magazine, is the honor (?) and discipline which, it is supposed, necessarily follow in the wake of all editors. In order to meet our increased expenses it has been found necessary to raise the price of the Magazine from twenty-five to thirty-five cents per copy,—from seventy-five cents to one dollar per year.

Special efforts have been made recently to increase the number of subscribers among our alumni, and it gives us pleasure to announce that these efforts have been successful. Our subscription lists are now larger than they have been ever before in the history of the Magazine. But we wish they were larger still. Hon. J. M. Carroll, class of '46, and M. C. from this district, writes us as follows: "At the last Commencement I subscribed for your Magazine, and am looking with interest for the first number. It will recall many pleasant incidents connected with the U. C. Magazine of years ago." Why should not every alumnus of Union follow Mr. Carroll's example and, like him, have these "pleasant incidents" recalled?

Our thanks are due to Doctor Welch and Professors Whitehorne and Pearson for the kind advice and assistance they have given us. We know of no better way to show our gratitude to them than by advising all our successors to pay them a visit when they get in trouble.

Hoping that Union may prosper, that all her graduates may be rich, honored, and happy, that our subscription lists may soon be filled, and that our readers may be greatly benefitted by our labors in their behalf, we proceed to note down such things as are worthy of mention.

MEMORABILIA.

The last number of the Magazine was issued in June. It is therefore our duty to speak of such things as happened since that time. First came the

TERM EXAMINATIONS,

about which little need be said, as most of our readers know what they are from experience. It is sufficient to state that they were what they always have been and probably always will be—impressive and rigorous. Next in order was the 54th anniversary of the

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, JUNE 20, 8 P. M.

G. P. Hawley was the Valedictorian, and A. W. Archibald the Respondent. We would say of this anniversary as well as of those following it, that the speakers without exception performed their respective parts with credit to themselves and to the College. At the same hour the next evening came the 78th anniversary of the

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

Valedictorian, W. H. Matthews, Jr.; Respondent, J. Melvin Thomas. The next evening was the 75th anniversary of the

ADELPHIC SOCIETY.

Valedictorian, G. R. Donnan; Respondent, G. D. Slocum. Next in order, the following evening, came the anniversary of the

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Valedictorian, from the Senate, P. W. Sprague; Respondent, from the House of Representatives, Howard Thornton. The old chapel was filled on each of these occasions by an appreciative and intellectual audience. Sunday, June 25th, at 4 p. m., President Aiken delivered the

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

It will be found in another part of this issue. At 7 1-2 P. M.,

REV. G. N. WEBBER, D. D.,

gave the address to the Theological Society. We did not have the pleasure of hearing the Doctor, but were informed that he preached an eloquent, earnest and impressive sermon. Monday, June 26th, in the afternoon, came the

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

Orator, C. T. Haviland; Poet, T. R. Featherstonhaugh; Prophet, W. H. Matthews, Jr.; Historian, C. E. Hollenback; Addresser, J. C. Hostetler. E. T. Waterman presided. King's band furnished the

music. The exercises were held in the grove back of the College. The day was fine. The fair inhabitants of "Dorp" turned out in full force. For a complimentary notice of the entire proceedings,—stating that the Orator will yet make a Webster, the Poet a Longfellow, the Prophet an Elijah, the Historian a Greeley, the Addresser an Everett, and the President a Grant, or words to that effect, please see the *Star* of June 27th. The singing of the following Farewell Song, composed by T. R. Featherstonhaugh, and the smoking of the pipe of peace, closed the exercises:

Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

Comrades, we've gathered here to part—
To bid a long farewell.
To-day upon life's path we start;
The end we none can tell.

CHO.—Then pass around the pipe of peace,
And let the incense rise;
May every puff a care release,
While joy its place supplies.

We'll blow a cloud to days to come;
A wreath; a health to these;
May they be bright as summer sun,
As sweet as summer breeze.

CHO.—Then pass, etc.

A thought, too, now let us bestow
On comrades pass'd away;
Whose sands of life have ceas'd to flow—
Who've gone to kindred clay.

CHO.—Then pass, etc.

A whiff! to dear old College days—
Those days of joy and fun,
Whose halo bright will ever blaze
Around our "SEVENTY-ONE."

CHO.—Then pass around the pipe of peace,
And let the incense rise;
May every puff a care release,
While joy its place supplies.

In the evening came the annual

PRIZE SPEAKING

in the Presbyterian Church, by members of the Junior and Sophomore classes. From the former, W. J. Hillis, W. J. Kline, C. H. Leonard, J. M. Thomas and Howard Thornton "held forth." From the latter, W. E. Faulkner, E. L. Mapes, H. A. Powell and W. P. Rudd. Prof. Welch presided. We are requested to publish the following in regard to the exercises of the evening:

The audience was the largest and most brilliant of Commencement Week. The Committee of Judges consisted of one Editor, one Professor, two Clergymen, and four Lawyers. The occasion was enlivened with excellent music by Doring's band. The subjects selected by the speakers were practical and timely,—such as "Trial by Jury," "Public Opinion," "Centralization of Power," "The Law and Lawyers;" and the treatment, combined vigor of thought, with clearness and energy of style. The speaking was of a high order, characterized by distinct enunciation, naturalness and earnestness; and was so nearly equal in merit that the judges found it difficult to award the prizes, not reaching the decision until Wednesday, Commencement day.

Tuesday, June 27th, was

ALUMNI DAY.

The Alumni Association met at the chapel at 10 a. m. In absence of the President, John T. Hoffman, Hon. A. J. Parker, the Vice-President, took the chair. Meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Eddy. Rev. Theo. S. Brown was elected Secretary *pro tem.* Minutes of last meeting read and approved. A committee of three was appointed to nominate officers for the meeting next year. The report, in part, was as follows: Hon. John T. Hoffman, LL. D., President; Right Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L., Vice-President; Alex. J. Thompson, A. M., Corresponding Secretary; Professor Jonathan Pearson, A. M., Treasurer, etc., etc. Report was accepted and adopted. Silas B. Brownell, in behalf of the Executive Committee, reported By-Laws for the government of the Alumni Association. His report was accepted in full. Mr. Brownell, of committee, reported a bill to secure a change of charter, in order to enable the alumni to elect four trustees. It was adopted. Professor Foster addressed the association then in reference to

THE UNION COLLEGE MAGAZINE,

and increase of funds for the purchase of further philosophical apparatus. In the report the Professor mentioned the reception of funds from a gentleman of Wall street, New York City, to the amount

of $400, upon the part of himself and wife, and $250 as coming from each one of his four children. A communication was then received from the Board of Trustees which was as follows:

"That in pursuance of the amendments to the charter of this College an election be held in the college chapel at 12 o'clock noon this day, to choose four additional trustees; * * * * that the polls be open one hour, and immediately after closing the polls, the votes be counted and the result reported by inspectors."

One hundred and forty votes were cast, and the following gentlemen were elected: Henry R. Pierson receiving 125 votes, Harvey J. King receiving 93 votes, J. A. De Remer receiving 79 votes, and Charles E. Smith, of the Albany *Journal*, receiving 78 votes. The rest were scattering. They were then elected by a unanimous vote of the house. The committee to co-operate with the Board of Trustees in raising endowment funds, reported that the resignation of President Aiken had compelled the committee to suspend their endeavors, at least until the election of a new President. The same committee were continued. The meeting then adjourned.

Stirring speeches were delivered by Rev. Dr. Eddy, as representative of the Northwestern Alumni Association; Henry R. Pierson, Hon. John M. Carroll and others. The first gentleman pledged the Northwest to raise at the *demand*, $100,000 for further endowment of the College. He said that what Union College wanted to-day was just $1,000,000 cash in hand, and that the Northwest stood ready to put her shoulder to the "wheel," and that his backer (pointing to Mr. Pierson) was good for $100,000 at three days' notice; that he (Pierson) had pledged the Northwest so at their recent meeting at Chicago. This was received with tremendous cheers. Mr. Pearson then arose and acknowledged his readiness for the sum Dr. Eddy had announced, and wished the work might go on. He signified his earnest zeal in the cause of Union, and was willing to meet the money part of the responsibility. When it was announced that he was one of the elected trustees of the alumni, three rousing cheers for the Northwest, such as would do any lethargic soul good, rent the air. This change in the administration of the affairs of the College is meeting with applause from all of the alumni. Governor Hoffman came in near the close of the meeting, and was greeted by loud cheering, He gave a few remarks pertinent and to the point. He expressed his belief that, with the co-operation of the newly elected trustees, they would soon bring about a more prosperous and active condition of the College.

In the afternoon at two o'clock, the doors of the chapel were thrown open, and the alumni were invited to partake of the

FEAST

that the class of '71 had prepared for them. Judge Gray presided, and prayer was offered by a member of the class of '31. Immediately the viands began to disappear as if by magic. The alumni *could* eat, and the 200 that were fed went not away sorrowful. More intellectual food was in store for them in the way of an address before the Alpha of the

PHI BATA KAPPA

Association at the First Reformed Church. The address was delivered by G. M. Spier, Esq. of New York City. The following gentlemen of the graduating class were received into their secret order, and so "swing" "big keys": G. R. Donnan, T. R. Featherstonhaugh, and W. H. Matthews, Jr. The query with us is, are these three to be forgotten and die unknown, beyond their graduating day, like all of our "honor" men and "best" class-men. It has become a prevalent notion among our colleges that a Phi Bata Kappa key is a signal for oblivion. At 8 P. M. a

CONCERT

was given at Union Hall by Doring's band, under the direction of '71. It was a perfect success.

On Wednesday, June 28th, came the

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

of the 75th anniversary of Union. At 10 o'clock a. m. the several classes assembled in front of South College were formed into line, headed by Doring's band, and marched to the First Dutch church, where the graduating exercises were to be held. The exercises were conducted by President Aiken, who was attired in the Oxford cap and gown. Everthing passed off nicely. As a class '71 "covered itself." So said anxious fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts, grandfathers and *cousins*, who had assembled together from all parts of the country to hear their "dear boy speechify;" so said the papers; so said the judges; "so say we all of us." We clip the following conclusion from an extended Commencement notice:

"We think we express the universal sentiment of the audience in bestowing very high praise on all the exercises of the morning. The speaking, on the whole, was unusually fine. Great credit is due to all concerned. Union College has long been well and justly known for its careful attention to writing and speaking, in which respect it has compared very favorably with the most famous New England colleges. This reputation certainly received no detriment from the seventy-fifth Commencement. The Department of Rhetoric

and Elocution is very ably sustained by its present incumbent, Prof. Welch; and the high character of the orations and their delivery yesterday reflect great credit on his patient and successful tuition. There was little to criticize and much to commend."

One of the important features of the exercises was the awarding of

PRIZES.

The successful competitor for the Ingham prize ($70) was Mr. J. S. V. R. Hoff, of Albany; subject of essay: "Charles Dickens."

Of prizes given for the two best essays on English Literature, G. R. Donnan, of Galway, subject: "The Poetry of Robert Burns," received the first; and P. W. Sprague, of Schenectady, subject: "Lord Macaulay as a Delineator of Character," received the second.

The Warner prize, consisting of silver plate to the value of $50, was awarded to G. R. Donnan, of Galway.

The Blatchford oratorical medals were awarded to J. S. V. R. Hoff, Albany, subject: "An Inconsistency;" and P. J. Parris, Paris, Me., subject: "Theology and Science."

Prize oratory of the junior class—C. Henri Leonard, of Chagrin Falls, O., received the first; subject: "The Centralization of Power." The second was awarded to W. J. Hillis, West Milton; subject: "Public Opinion." Of the sophomore class E. L. Mapes, Florida, received the first; subject: "Know Thyself." The second was given to H. A. Powell, Brooklyn; subject: "Oliver Cromwell."

First junior prize in natural philosophy was awarded to B. Horton, Liberty; the second to W. J. Kline, Fultonville.

Sophomore prizes in ancient languages; The two successful candidates, E. L. Mapes, Florida, and H. O. Hill, Byfield, Mass., stood in equal rank, each receiving $20.

The freshman prize for proficiency in the classics was given to J. E. Odell, Schenectady.

The President announced his accepted resignation and the election of Eliphalet Nott Porter, D. D., of Troy, N. Y., to the chair he was about to vacate.

After the singing of the One Hundred and Seventeenth Psalm and the "Song to Old Union," President Aiken pronounced the benediction, and the graduating exercises of the class of '71 were ended. The following

DEGREES

were conferred by the President:

A. M. in course—1854, Dr. P. G. Valentine; 1855, Dr. Morris J. Franklin; 1856, Rev. Columbus Coraforth; 1857, Col. Henry R. Rathbone, Edward L. Parris; 1861, Melville D. Landon; 1865, Dr.

Zaremba W. Waldron; 1866, Augustus E. Curtis; 1868, John B. Barringer, Wm. H. Clark, Wm. L. Pearson, James H. Robinson, J. E. Sharpe, David Spraker, Jr., Wm. H. Snyder, Harrison E. Webster.

Honorary A. B.—Dr. John Noetling, Selinsgrove, Pa.

Honorary A. M.—Prof. Albert Chester, Hamilton College; Ashbel K. Shepard, Milwaukee, Wis.; John A. Osborn, New York.

Ph. D.—Daniel B. Hagar, Princ. Normal School, Salem, Mass.

D. D.—Rev. E. H. Sears, Wayland, Mo.; Rev. C. N. Waldron, Cohoes; Rev. C. H. Taylor, Leroy; Rev. G. H. Walsh, Troy; Rev. W. C. Roberts, Elizabeth, N. J.; Rev. W. L. Smart, Albany.

LL. D.—Hon. Sidney Bruse, Chief Justice Supreme Court of Illinois.

In the evening the Senior Class gave a

SOIREE

which was well attended, as a matter of course. A finer company never assembled in Union Hall. The *elite* of Schenectady were out *en masse*. "The scene can be better imagined than described." All who knew how "tipped the light fantastic toe" to their heart's content. Doring, that prince of band-leaders, furnishing the necessary "inspiring strains." At a late, or rather at an *early* hour the guests departed, voting the entertainment a "splendid affair," and the members of '71 "splendid fellows."

Among the interesting incidents of Commencement Week were the

CLASS REUNIONS,

especially those of '61 and '46. Each of these two classes was honored by the election of one of their number to the office of Trustee of Union College. Three candidates were named from the class of '46; while the class of '61 had the enviable distinction of furnishing a President for the College.—Rev. Eliphalet Nott Potter, D. D.

This class held their reunion at Givens Hotel, where the occasion was enlivened by sallies of wit and wisdom. John M. Bailey, Esq., of Albany, was appointed class historian.

At 12 M. the class of '46 held a preliminary business meeting in No. 4,—the old Junior recitation room. The officers for the class, elected in 1866, were reported as follows: President, Hon. Henry R. Pierson, Albany; Vice-President, John T. Wentworth, Esq., Geneva, Illinois; Secretary, Professor R. B. Welch, D. D., Union College; Treasurer, Howard Potter, Esq., New York. Beside these there were present the following representatives from different States: Georgia, Col. D. S. Printup; Illinois, President J. M. Gregory, LL. D., Hon. W. H. King; Iowa, B. B. Hart, Esq.; Maryland, Rev. J. W. Nott, H. F. Perry, M. D.; Massachusetts, C. W.

Anable, D. D.; Minnesota, Hon. R. J. Baldwin; New York, Revs. Dickson, De Long and Waldron, Drs., Jenkins and Jones, Gov. John T. Hoffman, Hon. John M. Carroll, Fairchild, Gibbs, Horton, Manning, Potter, Shoecraft, Silliman, Vrooman, and Williams; Ohio, Hon. W. H. Smith; Wisconsin, Ariel Banta, Esq.

At 6 P. M., the class assembled for the reunion dinner in the old West College, where many of them had roomed and recited during their college days. The rooms had been tastefully decorated. The dinner was furnished by Briare, of Albany, in his best style. An excellent band of music was in attendance. The tables were crowned with flowers contributed by the timely and graceful generosity of "Captain Jack," vividly recalling many most grateful associations of college life. The walls were fitly adorned with classic mottoes. Above the genial class-president looked down benignly a life-like portrait of the revered President Nott. Opposite this was the portrait of the thoughtful and dignified Bishop Alonzo Potter. Other portraits of honored professors, whom death had called away, completed the group.

Letters were read from President Rankin of Hobart College; Rev. Dr. Veeder, Professor in the Imperial College, Yeddo, Japan; Judge Sanderson of the Supreme Court of California; Rev. Mr. Alger of Maine; Lawyer Ayres of Kansas; Rev. Mr. Kirk of New Jersey, and other members of the class, representing nearly every State in the Union. Of the whole number of graduates,—106, it was found that eighteen had died in twenty-five years.

The hours passed swiftly by as those present related experiences "grave and gay," recalled the happy past of college days, and pledged each other present and the absent ones—and "Old Union" forever.

The earnest desire was repeatedly expressed that the fellowships of other days be renewed as far as possible, and loyalty toward Alma Mater be not only faithfully cherished by the class of '46, but be everywhere encouraged.

Among the resolutions was one enthusiastically adopted, requesting Professor Jackson to sit for his portrait to be presented to the College.

Professor R. B. Welch was appointed class historian with authority to publish, before the next annual Commencement, a Class Bulletin.

THE CLARK PRIZES.—The essays which '72 are expected to write for these prizes will be on "The Essays of Charles Lamb" and "The Genius and Character of Alexander Hamilton."

NOTABILIA.

We are obliged, for want of space, to defer the publication of several notes under this head, until next term. Many things are to be noticed, and first in importance among these stands the

RESURRECTION OF OUR TRUSTEES.—Three years ago the trustees of UNION were buried beneath the cold sod. Many weeping children stood around,—children "arrayed in robes of spotless white," endeavoring in vain to conceal the tokens of their grief. It was midnight. The thick darkness was dispelled by the light of the glaring flambeau. The solemn tones of the oration were heard. The dirge was sung. The address was delivered in measured cadence. The spade did its cruel work. And the pale moon calmly looked down upon the mournful scene.

To this day the doctors have not agreed as to the cause of the departure of that venerable body—our old trustees. It is the general opinion of those not belonging to the medical fraternity, however, that they died from *ennui*. To the credit of the dear departed be it said—as indeed it *was* said, "they died a kicking—kicking with one leg."

All this, as has been stated, occurred three years ago. But since that time things have changed. The departed, mouldering in their narrow resting place, recently showed signs of returning life. What was the cause of this unexpected change? Simply this: our two young Presidents breathed upon them the breath of activity and caused them to become living beings.

On Wednesday, the 18th of October, the first load of stone for our new chapel was delivered "on the spot." Then it was evident to all that our trustees were alive. And should they be permitted to pine away in their prison home—to live on in this nineteenth century and this land of churches, without provision, without light, without anything to sustain and comfort them? Never! It must not be! Our trustees must be attended to and that immediately. The same spirit of charity that was exhibited all over the land on receipt of the news of the devastation of the Queen City of the West, was found to dwell in every boy at Old UNION.

Several preliminary meetings having been held, and all necessary arrangements having been made, on Friday night, October 20th, the act of justice was performed,—an act that will long be remembered with pleasure by all who witnessed it. At about ten o'clock ghastly figures began to collect around the chapel foundation, the place of

rendezvous, and by eleven o'clock a procession was formed in the following order:

Alexis C. Smith, Grand Marshal, mounted upon a fiery, white steed.

King's Full Cornet Band, with Drum Major.

Then followed about one hundred ghostly Knights, each bearing a blazing flambeau, transparency or banner. Among the transparencies were the following mottoes and inscriptions: "Resurrection of our Trustees," "They were not Dead but Sleeping," "Eliphalet Nott," "Eliphalet Nott Potter," "Resurgam," "All Hail our Chapel," "In Union there is yet strength," "Our Alumni," "$100,000," "A. of J." "The K"nott"y Problem is now solved," "$x^2+2px=q$," also banners numbered '72, '73, '74 and '75.

In the centre of the procession was a hearse on which was a coffin and a transparency informing all that the hearse carried the

"FIRST STONE ON THE GROUND,"

and that the chapel had been commenced. There was also a model of the new chapel carried in the procession.

The Grand Master was assisted by the following Marshals: H. Thornton, J. W. Lester, L. A. Serviss and H. R. Micks, all carrying red lanterns.

As soon as formed the Grand Master gave the command "forward march," and the long line of ghostly Knights took up the following

LINE OF MARCH:

From Chapel Foundation to Professor Foster's; countermarched across Terrace to Union street, down Union to Jay, to Liberty, to College, to Union, to Church, to State, to Washington Avenue, to Front, to Ferry, to State, to Barrett, to Union, to College Gate, to Chapel Foundation. Many houses along the line of march were brilliantly illuminated, and South College in particular (thanks to Mr. Newton Dexter who attended to the illumination and the fireworks,) presented a very fine appearance. The procession was followed through the streets by a very large crowd of men, women and children. All Schenectady was wide awake. The band discoursed marches and quicksteps during the entire march. Each Professor was cheered as the procession passed his residence. Dr. Jackson, in answer to a song and repeated calls for a speech, ventured to remark that although he *had* sent a few telegrams now and then, he couldn't make a speech worth listening to. The boys didn't agree with the Captain on this point, and so *in conclusion* he gave them the following sentiment: "The classes of '72, '73, '74 and '75. May they be the types of all Union's future classes." The boys were very much elated over such a compliment from such a source,

and came to the conclusion that they *were* pretty fine fellows after all, and especially so "on this o-casion."

On the arrival of the procession at the College Gate the bell upon the old Chapel began to ring, and rockets and blue lights were sent shricking and popping through the air; which was continued until after the students had formed in a circle around the stand erected near the foundation wall of the new Chapel.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music and Resurrection.

After which, an oration was delivered by Mr. A. W. Archibald, which was a very eloquent and able production. Mr. Archibald is to be especially congratulated on the possession of a voice and manner of rare richness and grace. He not only rivets the attention of his hearers, but has that peculiar manner and power of pleasing which is necessary to interest an audience. Then came the following song written for the occasion, by C. E. Rounds, and sung to the air of "Landlord fill the flowing Bowl:"

Here we stand a jolly crowd,
In our exultation;
Glad to see our Prex is going
To build up this foundation.

CHORUS.—For to-night we'll merry merry be,
For to-night we'll merry merry be,
For to-night we'll merry merry be,
And celebrate our Chapel.

When we see our Chapel rise,
We'll often gather here,
And as each stone is giv'n a place,
We'll greet it with a cheer.

CHORUS.—For to-night we'll merry merry be, etc.

May each class that enters here
Ne'er know care or sorrow;
But let each one assembled here,
Think well of the morrow.

CHORUS.—For to-night we'll merry merry be, etc.

And after all have got their "dips,"
And with life's cares do grapple;
May we all come back again
To celebrate our chapel.

CHORUS.—For to-night we'll merry merry be, etc.

Next came a Poem by Mr. W. B. McMechan. Considering the limited amount of time the poet had for preparation, we regarded his poem as a very creditable production. We heartily agreed with him in most of what he said, but think that in his statements concerning an ex-officer of the College as well as in those regarding one of our new trustees, he expressed the sentiments of a very small minority. Then came

MUSIC BY KING'S BAND,

after which an address was delivered by Mr. G. D. Slocum. The orator spoke in his well-known impressive style. All who heard him were pleased with his effort. If the measure of applause is, as it should be, always in a direct ratio to the merits of the production, Mr. S. was the most successful speaker of the evening, as he was enthusiastically cheered at frequent intervals. His speech was followed by

MUSIC BY KING'S BAND.

Then came the "Song to Old Union," composed by the late Fitz Hugh Ludlow, of the class of 1856, who had, in years gone by, participated in many similar midnight celebrations.

After the singing, the chairman, Mr. H. A. Powell, announced that the Grand Finale, Chicago, on the programme, would be omitted as some thought it not appropriate for the occasion. He requested every student to turn out at a quarter to nine Saturday morning, in the costume then worn, to have their pictures taken. The procession was then formed upon the foundation walls, and headed by their Marshal, the shrouded and strange looking mortals commenced their walk around amid a

GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS,

and finally dispersed and all quietly returned to their rooms. The trustees are resurrected. "May they live long and be happy."

SENATE.—Experience having demonstrated that an hour consumed every week by a body of young men in the consideration of public measures is time well spent, the Senior Class met last September and organized as a Senate. Dr. Welch was unanimously elected President, C. L. Ellwood Vice-President, G. D. Slocum Clerk and C. L. Crofts Sergeant-at-Arms. A large amount of important business is to be transacted this session, and every Senator is expected to do his duty.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—According to custom the members of the Junior Class have entered public life and are now performing such onerous duties as usually fall to the lot of M. C.'s. That these duties are well performed there can be no doubt. Dr. Welch presides. J. W. Lester keeps the minutes in a neat, round hand, and C. Ten Broeck sees to it that all disorderly persons are properly cared for.

THOSE YOUNG LADIES.—The UNION COLLEGE MAGAZINE, dated November, 1870, says: "A class of young ladies from Union School visit Prof. Foster's rooms once a week for the purpose ot seeing the Professor perform experiments in natural philosophy." We wish we could inform the reader that the statement still holds good. A proper regard for the teachings of the ninth commandment, however, compels us to say that the young ladies do *not* visit Prof. Foster's rooms once a week—that their bright eyes are no more to be seen upon the campus of a Thursday afternoon. To use one of their own expressions, we sincerely wish that they would "call again."

THE INGHAM PRIZE.—The essays for the Ingham prize for the year 1872 will be upon one of the following subjects:

"William M. Thackeray as a Writer of Fiction."

"William Wordsworth's Poetry and Theory of Poetry."

SENIOR CATALOGUE.—This annual document will be issued the present term under the direction of Byron Horton, E. Frank Swartfiguer, J. M. Thomas, C. L. Crofts, W. B. McMechan and G. D. Slocum. '72 couldn't have entrusted this responsible business to six better men. If we don't have as good a catalogue as any preceding class has had we shall be very much disappointed.

CHRISTIAN UNION.—It gives us pleasure to state that the Christian Union is still alive and flourishing. The members, as well as many who are not members, meet in No. 4 daily at 5 p. m. Let the good work go on!

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.—Union's literary societies are one of its most important features. In fact we have heard it stated, by one who ought to know, that they will compare favorably with the societies of any similar institution in the country. The boys seem to take a deeper interest in them this term than in former terms; the exercises and debates are well attended to. The Philomathean and Adelphic are healthy and vigorous, as a matter of course; the Theological, which a year ago found seats for all its members with little, if any trouble, is now in a very prosperous condition.

Every student in College should belong to a literary society. (We regret to add that since writing the above several Theologues have resigned.)

Base Ball.—An enthusiastic meeting was held in No. 4, Sept. 20th, for the purpose of forwarding our base ball interests. Mr. C. H. Mills was elected President, W. P. Rudd Secretary and H. Thornton Treasurer. Messrs. C. L. Ellwood, F. R. Potter, F. J. Swinburne and H. R. Micks were made Directors. A committee was appointed to prepare a constitution. The Directors chose for the College Nine Messrs. King, Powell, Waldron, Smith, Price, Croft, Franchot, Rounds and Rudd. The Nine selected King for Captain. The College now has the material for a good club. All the club needs is practice; but it is quite evident that it *docs* need that, from the fact that when the boys went to Amsterdam, Sept. 23d, for the purpose of showing the "Phœnix" Club of that place how to play, the score stood 39 to 10—in favor of the "Phœnix" boys. This was our club's first game. We look for a better record in future. "Perseverentia om, etc." (Since the above was written our Nine beat the Phœnix Sept. 30th to the tune of 23 to 19, and were in turn beaten by the Alpines Oct. 14th, the score standing 12 to 19).

Class Day.—It may be of interest to many, and especially to the members of '71, to learn that '72 and '73 have decided to keep up the Class Day exercises so well begun last year. '72 has chosen I. B. Price for President, A. W. Archibald for Orator, Howard Thornton for Historian, Wm. J. Kline for Prophet, and Wm. J. Hillis to deliver the address. No Poet has yet been selected. The officers of '73 are W. T. Clute President, W. E. Faulkner Orator, J. W. Lester Historian, Jas. L. Veeder Poet and A. C. Smith Prophet. H. A. Powell will deliver the address. '74 and '75 have also wheeled into line: the former showing its good sense by choosing J. E Odell for its Historian, the latter by choosing S. D. Jewell.

Class Motto.—Our Freshmen Class has for its motto *Νικα και στεφανον λαβε*, which, being translated, means "Conquer and receive the crown." Just imagine a "Freshy" with a crown on him.

Foot Ball.—Tom Brown's favorite game is at last played at Union. Any fine afternoon a crowd of boys may be seen on the Campus kicking a huge ball in every direction and getting the very best of exercise. Now look out for collisions!

The State Fair.—An all-day bolt was given by the Faculty in October in order that we might visit the State Fair at Albany. Of course we went and were very much edified.

THAT ANNIVERSARY.—Friday, Oct. 6th, being the anniversary of the horse-chestnut fight, the Juniors were given a bolt in Greek in order that they might think over the events of that never-to-be-forgotten day.

CLASS PICTURES.—The Senior Class has chosen Mr. Churchill, of Albany, for its photographist. A good choice! The pictures which this gentlemen took for '71 gave universal satisfaction, and he expects to do just as well, if not a *leetle better* for '72.

—The improvements contracted for and underway upon the college grounds will cost about $75,000: they consist of the Alumni Hall, between the North and South Colleges; the President's house, on the lot between the entrance gate and South College; and a Professor's house on the grounds in the rear of the Alumni Hall. It is understood that the cost of the President's house ($10,000) is a gift from Mr. Fuller, of the firm of Fuller, Warren & Co., of Troy.

NEW INSTRUMENTS.—In our last number the reception of new optical and electrical apparatus from Paris and London was noticed. We have now to announce the arrival of a third lot from Rudolph Kœnig, the celebrated constructor of Acoustic instruments in Paris. Among the instruments just received are, Kœnig's large and effective *soufflerie* or bellows for organ pipes, with a manometer and regulator; a full set of organ pipes, for demonstrating the laws governing vibrating columns of air, including Kœnig's pipes with manometric flames, revolving mirror, etc.; tuning forks with resonant cases; a set of nineteen Helmholtz resonators; a set of forks for vowel sounds, with corresponding resonators; the grand sonometer of M. Barbereau; Melde's apparatus complete, for laws of vibrating cords; Schaffgotsch's apparatus complete, for singing flames; Kœnig's new mode of exhibiting the interference of sounds by the manometric flames; the double siren of Helmholtz; sets of vibrating plates and bars, etc., etc.

Another lot of instruments is daily expected from Paris, for the illustration of optics, electricity and heat.

Acknowledgments are again due to W. H. H. Moore, Esq., for efficient aid in getting packages through the Custom House.

Thus the liberality of a few graduates is doing much to secure for the College a complete physical cabinet. Contributions for this object are still in order.

—We would advise those members of '75 who are not in full standing to read the xxviith chapter of Hamilton's Metaphysics. It treats of "The philosophy of the conditioned."

—The Charter of the College was amended during the past year so that the Alumni have a representation of four members in the Board of Trustees. The Board heretofore has been a close corporation, electing their successors. The four new Trustees are added to the old Board and enjoy co-ordinate powers with them. The members of the Board under the original charter hold office for life. The elective members added under the amendment hold for four years, and their terms are so arranged that one new Trustee will be elected each year at Commencement. All graduates of three years' standing are entitled to vote for Trustee, and every graduate of ten years' standing is eligible for Trustee.

The four new Trustees elected at last Commencement are to hold one, two, three and four years as determined by lot, and their successors are to hold for four years. The terms of office of the persons elected are Henry R. Pierson, four years; John A. DeRemer, three years; Harvey J. King, two years; Charles E. Smith, one year.

This system of Alumni representation in government of colleges, although comparatively new, is fast being adopted by all our American Colleges of any standing. We believe it is already introduced into Harvard, Yale, Williams and Cornell, and many others are making arrangements to effect the necessary amendments of their several Charters.

The County Fair.—The Seniors, having secured a bolt in English Literature, graced the County Fair with their presence. In accordance with Dr. Jackson's advice they behaved themselves quite well, taking everything into consideration, They were very much interested in the racing, and those who bet on the gray horses came back feeling particularly happy.

The Students attending the Law and Medical schools of Albany, by invitation of Professors Foster and Perkins, visited Union, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 28th, and listened to an address by Prof. Foster on Acoustics and Electricity. Prof. McNaughton, of Albany, also made an address. The students returned in the evening well pleased with the excursion. It seems that arrangements were made for taking a picture of our visitors. At any rate, seeing a person waive his hand and point a camera towards them as they were marching across the Campus in splendid style, our young doctors and lawyers halted and *struck attitudes*. But the picture wasn't taken, either because the light was too bright, or not bright enough, or because the collodion wasn't good, or else, as is barely possible, because the whole thing was a *joke*.

—We are merely repeating the words of all our predecessors when we request the students to do their trading with those who advertise in the Magazine. They help us materially. Why should not we in turn patronize them?

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—In recording the events of Commencement Week we were assisted by C. H. Leonard's admirable report to the *World*. The *Star* is quoted several times in the "Resurrection of our Trustees."

PERSONALIA.

Harper's Weekly of October 7th contains a fine portrait of our President. It says in regard to him:

"The Rev. Eliphalet Nott Potter, D. D., the newly elected President of Union College, is now a clergyman at Troy, and was formerly Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Lehigh University. He is a very young man for the place, being but little over thirty years of age. He is a grandson of the Rev. Dr. Nott, who was President of the College for nearly sixty years, and under whom it obtained the greatest success. He is a son of the late Bishop Potter, who was himself distinguished for his interest and great services in the cause of education.

"The newly elected President is the youngest of six brothers, the others of whom are Clarkson N. Potter, a lawyer of eminence practicing in this city, and the member of Congress from the Tenth District; Howard Potter, of the house of Brown Brothers & Co.; General Robert B. Potter, of the Ninth Army Corps; Edward T. Potter, an eminent architect; and the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, of Grace Church.

"He will bring to his important position the prestige of success, and the best wishes of a vast body of Alumni firm in the belief that their College has always turned out the most practical and successful men in the country. A man of rare classical attainments and experience; he will doubtless fulfill the most sanguine expectations of his friends."

—Dr. Aiken is performing his duties in Princeton Theological Seminary. We copy from the *Star* an account of his inauguration:

"On Wednesday last, Rev. Charles A. Aiken, D. D., late President of Union College, was inaugurated as Professor of Ethics and Apol-

ogetics in Princeton Theological Seminary. After the reading of the pledge, etc., and the signing thereof by Dr. Aiken, Rev. Dr. Snodgrass delivered a charge to the Professor elect, in which he reviewed the history of the establishment of the new Professorship, and congratulated the Seminary upon the election of its first incumbent. After this, Dr. Aiken delivered an address which he entitled, 'The Constant and the Variable in Christian Apologetics.' The address was distinguished for the admirable style in which it was written, close reasoning, and a profound scholarship, which promise favorably for the course of lectures which will succeed in the Seminary class room. Dr. Aiken sketched in brief outline the course which would be tentative until modified and improved by experience."

—Hon. Wm. H. Seward has returned from his extended travels and quietly settled down in his home at Auburn, where it is said he intends to remain. The treatment which he has received everywhere in his journeyings and the reception that awaited him on his return, show in what estimation he is held, all over the world. We know that we express the sentiments of all the boys of Union when we wish him health and happiness in his declining days. As any information at all relating to him will, without doubt, be of interest to our readers, we publish the following letter which we received from him a short time ago. It explains itself:

AUBURN, October 21st, 1871.

My Dear Sir: I have received your letter which, although the very flattering request it submits to me is varied in form so as to make compliance easy, nevertheless calls for a contribution to your Magazine, which I am quite unable to make.

It is near fifty years since I delivered my Commencement Oration and I have now no knowledge or recollection of what has become of that manuscript or any other of my juvenile compositions.

In my more mature life it was often alleged that I wrote too much. I am inclined to think the censure was a just one, since I am now unable to write with my own hand; and some intelligent surgeons inform me that the privation comes from having used it too severely while proper muscular power remained.

Wishing your Magazine and our Alma Mater the utmost success,

I am very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

By C.

—John E. Ashe, '66, is editor of the Amsterdam *Democrat*. He was a candidate for Member of Assembly.

DR. LEWIS.—It gives us pleasure to state that the Doctor's health is quite good this term. He lectures regularly on Greek Literature to the Senior Class, and intends to read Homer to them an hour every week. It is his opinion that a person cannot be said to be liberally educated unless he has some knowledge of Homer. He has not yet organized his Bible and Hebrew classes. The University Convocation at Albany last summer conferred upon him the degree of L. H. D. (*Literarum Humanorum Doctor*, Doctor of Literature,) an honor well deserved. He still writes a great deal for the press. The *Independent* of November 2d, has an article by him on "African, Caucasian, Saxon, Mongolian." Read it. The next number of the Magazine will give us more of "The Philosophical writings of Cicero."

DR. JACKSON.—In the absence of Dr. Potter, Dr. Jackson acts as President. Under his direction the Seniors are getting a very fair idea of *Optics*. He spends his afternoons working in his garden.

PROF. WHITEHORNE.—The Profeesor, having moved on the hill, resides in that part of South College which Dr. Aiken occupied last year. His health is excellent.

—Prof. Stanton has been so busy this term that he could not favor us with an article as he intended to do. He says that we shall have it next term without fail.

—Prof. Perkins is still Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in the Albany Medical College and Law School. Besides delivering four lectures each week to the young doctors, he meets our Senior Class twice during the same time and finds out what they know (as well as what they don't know) regarding "Cooke's Chemical Philosophy." That article by the Professor, which our predecessor promised to insert in this number, will make its appearance in the next.

—Prof. Staley has returned from Europe greatly improved in health. During his rambles over the Old World he paid particular attention to those things that related to engineering, and hence came back with his mind full of interesting facts for our "candidates for the degree of C. E." He has already given them several evening lectures on what he has seen. Among other things he brought over with him a very fine astronomical clock.

—Harrison E. Webster, formerly Tutor, was made Adjunct Professor of Natural History last June. The Professor is to be heartily congratulated, not only on the increase of his honors and salary, but also on the increase of his family.

—Our gentlemanly Assistant Treasurer, E. M. Jenkins, is one of the Aldermen of "Dorp." In the Mayor's absence Mr. Jenkins acts as Mayor.

—Lewis H. Rockwell, who, not many years ago, lead some of us through the intricacies of Bourdon, Geometry and Trigonometry, has lately given evidence of his belief in the procept "It is not good for man to be alone."

—The September number of Scribner's contains an able and interesting article by Professor Wells on "Mercator, the Path-Finder of the Seas." We were well repaid for the time spent in reading it, and would advise all who wish to learn who Mercator was and what he did, to procure a Scribner's for September, and find out all about him.

—The article of Professor Welch, from which the extracts published in the present number of the Magazine were taken, is attracting considerable attention. The *Independent* of the 2d inst., has the following favorable notice of it:

"The *American Presbyterian Review* contains two elaborate articles on the conflict between the materialistic and the spiritualistic philosophy; the one by Professor Welch, of Union College, entitled "Faith; its Place and Prerogative," and the other by Professor John W. Mears, of Hamilton College, entitled "The Antagonisms, Perils, and Glory of the Spiritual Philosophy." Professor Welch first endeavors to vindicate a place for faith by the admissions of the materialists themselves, and then turns from the indirect to the direct argument, and attempts to base upon facts of intelligence, conscience, and volition the doctrine of faith. His argument is comprehensive and able. The paper of Professor Mears, which is the address he delivered at his inauguration, is more popular and rhetorical than that of Professor Welch, yet it grapples the question with considerable vigor. The question which these two articles raise is the main question of theology, and it is well to have as many cross lights as possible thrown upon it."

—Rev. Theodore S. Brown, of the Class of 1844, has been appointed agent to solicit subscriptions for the College, and will begin his work at once.

—Since the last meeting of our Board of Trustees, June 28, the Senior Trustee, Rev. Jacob Van Vetchen, D. D., has died. He belonged to the Class of 1809, and had been member of the Board since 1837.

—J. V. R. Hoff, the Ingham and First Blatchford man, has been chosen Valedictorian of the Class of '71 at the Albany Medical College.

—R. B. Fish, '67, is practicing law at Fultonville, with his father, Hon. Frothingham Fish.

HYMENIAL.—At Mechanicsville, Sept. 14th, David S. Baker, '71, to Miss Jennie Vial, of Mechanicsville. Men of '71! Go yê and do likewise.

—Wm. E. Mapes, '70, was one of the Orange County delegates to the Republican State Convention at Syracuse last September. Mr. M. is the County Clerk of Orange County.

—Edward Wemple, '66, delivered the address at the Montgomery County Fair last year. He and two of his brothers are proprietors of an extensive foundry and machine shop in Fultonville.

—Horace C. Stanton, '67, son of Prof. Stanton, leads his class at the Princeton Theological Seminary.

THE "WHATABOUTS" AND WHEREABOUTS OF '71 are as follows: D. S. Baker, Matrimony, and Clerk in Canal Department, Waterford; A. G. Bardin, Engineering, Glens Falls; F. A. Beckwith, Business, Albany; W. D. Bullock, Engineering, Massachusetts; G. W. Bristol, Clerk in State Department, Albany; E. A. M. Corbin, Medicine, Albany; Harry Crane, Business, Hannibal, Missouri; G. R. Donnan, Teaching, Gloversville; G. W. Featherstonhaugh, Law, Schenectady; T. R. Featherstonhaugh, Teaching, Geneva; S. P. Franchot, Engineering, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.; C. B. Gillette, Theology, New York; C. T. Haviland, Business, Waterville, Me.; J. V. R. Hoff, Medicine, Albany; C. E. Hollenback, Law, Owego; J. C. Hostetler, Law, Decatur, Ill.; N. G. Isbell, Jr., Law, Kansas City, Kan.; Wm. W. Jenks, Law, Davenport, Ia.; Preston King, Engineering, Duluth, Min.; Wm. H. Lambert, Notary Public and Law, New York; J. P. Leland, Law, Harvard College; W. H. Matthews, Jr., Justice of Peace and Law, Ft. Edward; Wm. S. Miller, Banking, Bennington, Vt.; P. J. Parris, Courting Helen, Parris, Me.; A. L. Rodgers, Engineer, Hell Gate; P. W. Sprague, Theology, New York; Frank Wallach, Business, New York; E. T. Waterman, Gentleman, Country Residence; H. S. Wilbur, Insurance, New York; G. W. Wisner, Law, Syracuse; Chauncey Yates, Business, Schenectady.

RESPECTING THE ABSENT MEMBERS OF '72.—C. Henri Leonard, who took the first Junior Oratorical prize last June, is in poor health and does not expect to return to College. He came to UNION from Genesee last year, and, although sick a good share of his time, probably accomplished as much during his sojourn with us as any other member of the class. That health and prosperity may be in store for him is the earnest wish of '72. Joseph H. Wright, one of the two prize scholars of the class is not in his place this term, but

hopes to be back next year. The weakness of his eyes, caused by a severe attack of measles during the last spring vacation, prevents him from studying. Geo. C. Rider is studying law at Pekin, Ill. Wm. H. Selleck is in the employ of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, at Chicago. It is reported that he will soon commit matrimony. E. S. Roos is reading law at Goshen, Orange Co. J. E. Allen and Geo. H. Benjamin are students at the Albany Medical College. J. C. Barry is in business at Owego. Charles E. Cheesman is a banker in Iowa. D. S. Lamont is resting at McGrawville. Thomas C. Bunyan is teaching school at West Charlton, Saratoga County. Edward M. Dobbin is at work for the Ilion Manufacturing Co., making muskets and other dangerous weapons. Who would have thought that Dobbin gloried in the destruction of his fellow men?

SOME OF '73'S ABSENT MEN are employed as follows:

George Van Buren is taking a stroll over Europe. Austin W. Dunham is in the lumber business with his father at Albany. M. D. McConnell is studying law at Jacksonville, Ill. Wm. Rost is teaching music and making music in a city called "Dorp."

—E. F. Swartfiguer, '72, has entirely recovered from his recent severe illness and is again on hand, as quiet and pleasant as ever.

—E. L. Mapes, '73, is assistant teacher in the Classical Department of the Schenectady Union School. He also attends to his college duties.

—John D. Countermine, '73, delivered an address at a Sunday School picnic in Scotia last September. We are informed that he addressed several assemblages of a similar character during the summer vacation.

POET OF '73.—James L. Veeder has been elected Poet of his class. James has already given evidence of the possession of a high order of poetical talent.

—E. M. Botsford, '74, is at Princeton College.

—The *Cohoes Cataract* informs us that Newton Dexter, '73, recently delivered "an interesting and instructive address" to the members of the Presbyterian Sunday School of that place.

—Our associate editor, Mr. Crofts, has had entire charge of the advertisement department and has shown himself to be "the right man in the right place."

—Wm. J. Hillis is to be Valedictorian of the Senate. The Theologues have selected G. D. Slocum and J. D. Countermine for Valedictorian and Respondent.

—Geo, D. Slocum, '72, having finished showing the youthful minds of Schuylerville "how to shoot," is daily to be seen perambulating the Campus. During his absence, besides presiding at the Fulton County Teachers' Institute, and making an enviable reputation both as an instructor and as a lecturer, he has, with his "laughing eye," worked the very mischief with the tender hearts of many fair-haired damsels.

—L. A. Serviss and R. A. McDuffee, '74 men, delivered stirring and patriotic addresses on the 4th of last July at Mill Point, Montgomery County.

—We are indebted to our friend Walter R. Benjamin, '74, for the unfinished poem, published in this number, entitled "The Ballad of Buena Vista." It was written by his father, the late Park Benjamin, and has never before been in print.

—The UNION COLLEGE MAGAZINE has been received. It is published once per term, but as "*this passage*" is not marked, we suppose that exchange with our paper is not desired.

The above we clip from the *Home Journal*. The "rub" isn't applicable one bit. We are not in the habit of asking "double price" for our "wares"—nor do we wish to insinuate this of any other paper. The simple reason why the "this passage" was not marked, was because the editor, Mr. Melville D. Landon, Class '61, had already paid "cash down" our subscription price, and when copies were sent we had not the "cheek" to ask for "exchange" too. However, we shall be very, *very* happy to welcome the *Home Journal* among "*our* exchanges."

Mr. Landon has recently given to the public, through the publishing house of G. W. Carleton & Co., a work upon the "*Franco-Prussian War*,"—"in a nut shell"—as spoken of by the publishers. We have not had the pleasure of reading it yet, but are confident it "isn't slow," for that is not the kind of books UNION's men are in the habit of "turning out." Success to you, "brother!"

—Although it has been our fortune, or misfortune as the case may be, to correct no small amount of proof in our "day and generation," we have never fallen upon proof containing so few errors as that which the accomplished workmen of Messrs. Wiseman & Seymour have given us of the present number of the Magazine. May the errors of their ways be as few and far between as the errors of their proofs.

—"The Colonel" still works as hard as ever. His "honors" are easy.

—Some of our exchanges find a good deal of fault with their postmasters and clerks. Possibly surly postmasters and surlier clerks are very disagreeable specimens of humanity. We are happy to say, however, that experience—that tried and true teacher—has never taught us anything about them. It is true that our P. M. is a *little green* yet, and generally looks for the boxes on the side where they are not to be found, but then he isn't surly by any means; and two more gentlemanly clerks than Pickett and Clement can't be found west of New York City.

—The report that Maria and Elizabeth have left Union and entered the Class of '75 at Cornell is without foundation. Union is as much their Alma Mater now as it ever was

—A Senior whose name the which is Ah Sin, has a serious attack of *kleptomania*. Hiss class-mates aver that he would steal the oars and row-locks of the grim and grisly Charon (who would so kindly ferry him o'er the "dark and sluggish stream") and swim the current—just to spite that forlorn son of Erebus and Nox.

ALUMNI OF UNION COLLEGE WHO HAVE DIED SINCE JUNE 14, 1870.

CLASS.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF DEATH.
1809	Gideon Hawley,	Albany,	July 16, '70
1812	Rev. Henry R. Weed,	Philadelphia,	Dec. 14, '70
1813	Rear Ad. S. R. Breese,	"	Dec. 17, '70
1816	Rodney S. Church,	Brooklyn,	May 27, '71
1817	Abraham B. Hutton,	Philadelphia,	July 18, '70
1819	Rev. James M. Olmstead,	"	Oct. 16, '70
"	John Nicholas Rose,	Esperanza,	Nov. 7, '70
"	Rev. Theo. Spencer,	Utica,	June 14, '70
"	Orange Butler,	Lansing, Mich.,	July 16, '70
1822	Wm. C. Hasbrouck,	Newburg,	Nov. 5, '70
1823	Jno. Daniel Watkins,	Macon, Ga.,	July 22, '70
1824	John W. Walls, M. D.,	West Milton,	Feb. 24, '70
"	Wm. N. Duane, M. D.,	Schenectady,	May 19, '70
1827	Samuel Campbell,	Cherry Valley,	Nov. 28, '70
"	Josiah Beckwith, M. D.,	Litchfield, Conn.,	March, '71
1828	Hon. Jos. G. Masten,	Buffalo,	April 14, '71
1831	Dewitt C. Clarke,	Burlington, Vt.,	Aug. 31, '70
1832	Rev. A. P. Cummings,	New York,	May 13, '71
"	Hon. D. R. Floyd Jones,	Oyster Bay,	Jan. 9, '71

CLASS.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF DEATH.
1832	Rev. E. Scudder High,	Streator, Ill.,	June, '71
1834	Hon. Edw. A. Brown,	Lowville,	August, '70
1837	Rev. C. C. Leavenworth,	Galesburg, Ill.,	Sept. 22, '70
"	Henry G. Bronson,	Auburn,	July 5, '70
1838	Rev. Charles Morgan,	East Troy, Wis.,	Dec. 18. '70
1844	Charles M. Briggs,	Williamsburgh,	March 31, '71
"	Gen. S. T. Richards,	Warrensburgh,	Jan. 6, '71
1846	John H. Russell.		
1856	Andrew J. Lang,	Waverly,	August, '70
"	Fitz Hugh Ludlow,	New York,	Sept. 13, '70
1857	Wm. A. Coleman,	Sandy Hill,	Nov. 20, '70
1859	Hon. Gaylord J. Clark,	El Paso, Texas,	Dec. 7, '70
"	Frank Collins,	Toledo, Ohio,	Jan. 17, '70
1860	David V. Gerald,	San Francisco,	Feb. 23, '71
1861	John R. George,	Fort Adams, Miss.,	'70
"	Charles D. Seeley,	Albany,	March 6, '71
1862	Byran Johnson,	Utica,	Oct 15, '70
1863	Charles K. Warner,	New York,	Aug. 31, '71
1864	Rev. Alex. Davidson,	Governor's Island,	Sept. 28, '70
"	Samuel J. Koontz,	Harrisburgh, Pa.,	June, '70
1870	Wm. J. Liddle,	Duanesburgh,	March, '71
1871	Bernard O'Reilly,	Lansingburgh,	Oct. 28, '70
1809	Rev. J. Van Vechten, D. D.,	Auburn,	Sept. 14, '71
1815	Hon. Samuel B. Halsey,	Rockaway, N. J.,	Sept. 15, '71
1821	Cornelius G. Van Rensselaer,	Albany,	June 26, '71
1824	George H. Mumford,	Rochester,	Sept. 30, '71
1825	Hon. Robert J. Hilton,	Albany,	July 1, '71
1831	Rev. Warren G. Jones,	Bozrah, Conn.,	Aug. (?) 71
1833	Paris G. Clarke,	New York,	June 26, '71
1835	Rev. Reuben Dederick,	Abilene, Kas.,	Sept. 12, '71
1838	Daniel W. Alvord,	Greenfield, Mass.,	August 3, '71
1843	John G. McChesney,	Schenectady,	Sept. 29, '71
1857	Louis Ruttkay,	Keokuk, Iowa,	August 1, '71
"	Daniel S. Mann,	Washington, D. C.,	Sept. 21, '71
1859	Eugene Elmendorf,	Schenectady,	Oct. 7, '71
1861	Rev. James M. Stevenson,	Jersey City, N. J.,	Oct. 18, '71
1870	William F. Gray,	Albany,	July (?) '71

—A brilliant student says that the New Brunswick girls are like the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.—*Targum.*

AMUSEMENTS.—Our special reporter affirms that the following is a full and correct statement regarding the "shows" that have "showed" at Union Hall during the present term:

Sept. 19, N. C. Forrester's Company in "Bertha; or, the Sewing Machine Girl." Sept. 20, N. C. Forrester's Company in "Satin in Paris." Sept. 25, 26 and 27, Joe Murphy in "Help." Oct. 3d, W. H. Lingard in his specialties. Nov. 2d, Madame Rentz's Creoles.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

One of our muscular Sophs was pulling the auricular protuberance of a puny and nervous Junior in order to settle up some old scores. "Let go," cried the Junior, "I'm getting *ear*itated." "I shan't," shouted Sophy, "I'm terribly in *ear*nest."

—Boston has five lyceum courses of lectures this winter. Schenectady has—(up to the hour of going to press the number has not been officially announced.)

—The Female Seminary at Gainesville, Florida, has started with one hundred and twenty-five pupils.

—The corner-stone of the new Illinois Industrial University building was laid with appropriate and imposing ceremonies, on Wednesday, the 13th of September.

—Rutgers has about two hundred students, an increase of thirty over last year. The Freshman Class numbers about sixty.

—Burlington (Vt.) College began its twenty-sixth year on Tuesday, September 19th. About fifty students were present.

—There are fifty-one in the Freshman Class at Wesleyan University. Public religious services are held in the chapel on Sabbath afternoons.

—The *Williams Vidette*, formed by the union of the *Williams Quarterly* and the *Vidette*, is one of the best college publications that has lately caught our eye.

—"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?" said a student to a Professor. "They're in a weak place" was the unexpected reply.

—Dartmouth opens with one hundred new students. The Freshman Class stands twenty-two less than last year.

—A Female Seminary to cost half a million of dollars is going up in Wellesley, Mass.

—The six senior Senators of Connecticut are members of the Corporation of Yale. In accordance with an act of the Legislature, they will next year yield their places in the Corporation to an equal number of Alumni.

—Hobart has twelve Freshmen, against five last year. Query, suggested by the famous horse-shoe example. If each of the next ten classes shows a corresponding increase on its preceding class, how many Freshmen will there be at Hobart in 1883?

—The Seniors at Yale are *poring over* Perry's Political Economy this term. Our Seniors had the same *difficulty* during their last term Junior and consequently "know how it is themselves."

—Some half-dozen young men have entered the Agricultural College of New Hampshire this fall, and the experiment is beginning to be tried whether such institutions will be a success.—*Ex.*

—The best "help"—Help yourself.

[The above motto was inserted for the special benefit of the Freshmen. The meaning of it obviously is "*no ponies.*"]

—Our leading colleges have the following number of graduates this year: Harvard, 157; Yale, 100; Princeton, 78; Dartmouth, 68; Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., 23; Ohio Wesleyan University, 46; Amherst, 59; Cornell, 40; Hamilton, 33; Columbia, 31; Lafayette, 31; Oberlin Classical Course, 23; Ladies' Course, 19; Middlebury, 15; Amherst Agricultural, 29; Vassar, 21; Bowdoin, 14.—*Williams Vidette.*

We had always supposed that Union was one of "our leading colleges." The *Vidette* seems to think otherwise. It is not for us to decide whether she is or not. We would state, however, for the benefit of the *Vidette* that the class which graduated at Union last June compared favorably in every respect with the classes sent out about the same time by Wesleyan University, Middlebury, Amherst Agricultural, or Bowdoin.

—The New York *World* is getting profane. It says that a certain college "D—D'd" a well-known Divine. Pretty rough on the poor fellow, wasn't it?

—Miss Nettie A. Hamilton, of Brandon, has successfully passed the examination for admission to the University of Vermont at Burlington, and is the first college girl in the State's history.—*Ex.*

Then our little city of Schenectady is ahead of the whole State of Vermont in at least one particular; for, besides possessing a goodly number of "college girls," "Dorp" boasts of not a few "college widows."

—The *College Argus* is a good paper.

—Prof. Wells lectured before the Teachers' Institute, Nov. 7th.

—The *Yale Courant* says, the annual crop of Freshman jokes has begun to come in and promises to be a large one. A recent importation was heard enquiring at what hour the college buildings were locked up. He said he wanted to go down town and get back in time to be admitted to his room.

—A note for our Trustees: The marking system, as well as the rule requiring compulsory attendance upon church and chapel, are abolished at Miami University. The attendance at chapel, though purely voluntary, is larger this year than it has been for many years past.

—Lizzie Williams, a Vassar College graduate, holds a Professorship in a Kansas Agricultural College.

—Sixty-two students have entered the Freshmen Class at Amherst, 12 in the Sophomore, and one in the Junior—75 in all.

—Hamilton's Freshman Class numbers fifty.

—Prof. Henry Ward Beecher says he loves to linger in the Parker House dining saloon, "for right there, in old times, we studied Latin, when Gould and Everett and Kendall flourished in the public Latin School." Tell that to the marines, Ward. You were never a great student. Pitching quoits, wrestling, playing ball and robbing watermelon patches were always your "strong points" at college. You probably have not forgotten your old friend and classmate, Dr. Clark, of Berkshire. He says you were a whole-souled, clever fellow; a favorite with every one, and the best debator he ever heard, but that if anybody overhauled your Bible, he would be sure to find the leaf turned down at the page containing the words, "Much study is a weariness to the flesh." No, Ward, it won't do; you love to linger in the dining room of the Parker House for other reasons than the reminiscences it recalls of the times when you studied so hard.—*N. Y. Spectator.*

—The Agricultural College at Amherst starts off on its new year with an accession of fifty-one students, mostly in the Freshman Class.

—The University of Rochester had 130 students last September.

—Rutgers celebrated her one hundred and first anniversary June last.

—A savant has discovered with the microscope that when we pour milk into a cup of tea, the albumen of the milk and the tannin of the tea instantly unite and form leather, or minute flakes of the very same compound which is produced in the texture of the tanned hides, and which makes it leather as distinguished from the original skin. He consequently estimates that in the course of a year a tea-drinker of average capacity imbues enough leather to make a pair of shoes.—*Sun.*

Εὕρηκα! Εὕρηκα!! This is why "old maids" and "college widows" are termed "tougher than boiled owls;" in other words, "tougher than sole-leather!" Query: To a mathematical

nicety, how many such "old maids," or "college widows" would it take to make a tip-top pair of squeaky, Commencement-spouting boots?

—There are five months in this year having five Sundays each—something that does not occur once in fifty years. This is pretty rough on *us boys* who have to make two church reports every Sunday, rain or shine. If Sundays would come around about as often as they used to when our fathers were in college we would say "all right," and go to church like good little boys, but we protest that making church reports five Sundays a month for five months is "too much of a *good thing*."

—Our Freshmen have promised in writing to abstain from horse-chestnut fights and all other affairs of a disorderly character. This is just as it should be. These "little unpleasantnesses" were becoming fiercer and fiercer every year. In the one that occurred October 6th last year, several of the boys were severely injured, one nearly losing an eye. Dr. Aiken did a wise thing when he caused '73 and '74 to promise that they would have nothing to do with future fights. Dr. Potter is equally wise in exacting the same promise from '75.

—Miss Harriet W. Terry of New Haven has accepted the position of Lady Principal of Vassar College. This lady is a sister of Major General Terry, and has been known for many years as the head of a ladies' seminary in New Haven.

—"O thou that killest the *profits!*" cry the tailors to those Seniors who have left without paying their bills.—*Targum.*

—Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a kiss a lisping consonant. He should have said it usually follows *a-vowel.—Ex.*

—Mrs. Vassar has got her first grand-mother's feather in her cap. It fits her as slick as a Senior's Commencement boot does his foot. Hear:

Class Day at Vassar College was enthusiastically celebrated on June 26th. Angeline L. Sanford presided. During the day Miss Glover (now Mrs. Ginn, of the Class of '68) was visited by the Class, and her baby made the recipient of a silver cup. The infant is the first grandchild of Vassar College.—*Ex.*

—Gov. Hoffman, in his speech at the Westchester Fair, said that he had once followed the plow for thirty minutes, and in that time he had got enough of it. He didn't hold on long enough.

—Fifty years ago E. S. Snell, the first man to enter Amherst College, was admitted, and he is now connected with it as Professor of Natural Philosophy.

—Girls, take warning from this: "A Nashville girl fell dead while setting up with her young man the other night." Don't "set up" with young men the "other night"—every other night is often enough.

In contrast with the above, hear what the *Globe* says:

A stolen kiss saved a girl's life in Fond du Lac, for if the man who did the deed had not pulled her head forward just as he did, a beam, which fell from the upper floor, would have dashed her brains out. Such is the story, anyhow. And now the Fond du Lac girls, when in gentlemen's company, cast their eyes furtively at the ceiling and act just as if they would as lief have a beam fall as not, if they were certain the young men would pull their heads in time.

—Angelo Ames, of Albany, has given $1,000 to the New England Female Medical College.

—Vassar College had an excess of revenue over expenses, for the year ending June 22, 1870, of nearly twelve thousand dollars.

—The Yale Navy has voted to select their University crews hereafter from the whole University, and will urge similar action on the part of Harvard.

—The Boston *Commercial Journal* gives the latest specimen of graveyard literature. It reads thus:

Light be thy footstep, for 'neath these stones
Rest a famous epicure's remaining *bones;*
He was my friend, and let the task be mine,
To praise his virtues in the *tender line;*
Hashes he loved while present in the breath,
And now to *ashes* he returns in death;
Freed from the world, its wickedness and toils,
Its dire contentions, strugglings and *broils,*
He *peasful* sleeps, on earth no more to wake,
An early martyr to the cruel *steak;*
For he did meet (it were meet to tell it here)
His fate by *meet,* to him, alas! too *deer,*
And on a Fry-day, mournful to relate,
Exchanged the dinner for the coffin *plate;*
From the *warm gravy* early snatched away,
In the *cold grave he* sleeps till Judgment Day,
When, if the trumpet fails to rouse the slumbering sinner,
He'll wake and rise if they but call out—"Dinner!"

—Yale has, according to the catalogue, 129 Seniors, 134 Juniors, 137 Sophomores and 131 Freshmen. Total, 531. There are also 116 professional students and 158 students in Department of Philosophy and the Arts, so that there are 805 men in all.

—"Hazing" at Williams is regarded as "an institution of the past." With us it is nearly so—not quite. We have had three "smokings out" this term—just three too many. It grieves us to say that the Juniors and Seniors had as much to do with them as the Sophs. The *Tribune* expresses its opinion of the practice as follows:

The ancient practice of "hazing" has fallen upon evil times. What, with the conviction and fine of sundry Yale students and the expulsion of five cadets from the Naval Academy for this practice, it looks as though young men in educational institutions were not finding blackguardism as funny as ever. This is a wholesome sign of the times, and will serve to remind students everywhere that they are not above civil law.

—For students of "Trig," and those who "quaff the flowing bowl:" Why is an ode written in praise of Lager Beer, a mathematical performance? Ans. Because it is in Lager-rhythms (logarithms! —*Vidette.*

—Oberlin College has, in all its departments, about 1,000 students, but there are only about 120 in the regular College course.

—Rumor states that a Michigan Freshman is so short, that when he is sick, he doesn't know whether he has headache or corns.

—Yale has lost a valuable dead toad. Some poor fellow drank the alchohol in which it was preserved and then threw the toad away. A reward of $100 is offered for the lost treasure.

TOUGH.—A Junior reported twenty-four "church presences," only to find *twenty-four absences* against his name last term. "Behold I have not found so great ——."

—Flirtations are a nice thing, but when it comes to dropping your heliotroped handkerchiefs, *girls*, in a professor's lap, then

"Look out dar now,
For we's agoin' to ——"—tell.

—What Junior is formed on the type of one molecule of water? H. O. H—ill.

—The *College Courier* gets off the following:

"Professor," said a student, in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then the other?" "For the reason," replied the Professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

—There are five ladies' colleges in this State.

—A good question for our literary societies to discuss—"Where does the fire go to when it goes out." We prefer to speak on the negative.

—President Porter, in his book entitled "American Colleges and the American Public," maintains that that system of instruction is superior which relies chiefly upon text-books, lectures coming in as auxiliary.

—One of our exchanges aptly remarks that the boys at Union are nothing but clay in the hands of a Potter. As Uriah Heep would say, under the circumstances we humbly admit it.

—Prof. Chadbourne, of Williams, who has spent the last two summers among the mines and Mormons of Utah, will lecture this winter on the "Mormon Problem."

—Greeley's recipe for preserving peaches: Cut in strips not less than fifteen inches long; spread them out on the grass to bleach for three days, and finally sprinkle with cinnamon, and pack in air-tight jars filled with sawdust.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

—Young ladies of Schenectady! We invite your attention to the following extract from the *Globe.* That the fate of the poor girl spoken of may be the means of teaching you a lesson which you will never forget is the sincere wish of *ye editor:*

A St. Louis girl broke her neck while attempting to prevent a young man from kissing her. Since then it has been an easy task to kiss St. Louis girls; they are as gentle and quiet as lambs. If our young men don't believe it, they can go try 'em.

—The Providence *Journal* says: "The question of admitting women to the college classes (in Brown University), on the same terms as young men, was brought to the notice of the Corporation by the President and was referred to the Advisory and Executive committees for consideration, with instructions to report thereon at the meeting in June 1875."

A pretty safe move on the part of the aforesaid Corporation. The committee can look around four years, observe what success other colleges have that rashly open their doors to the fair sex, and then head their report with: "Having attentively watched the experiments of —— and —— colleges in this matter, your committee take pleasure in submitting a report which can be accepted and acted upon by your honorable body without any fears as to future results."

—Thirteen graduates of Williams have been College Presidents.

—Conspiracies are always detested. And it is with feelings of contempt and indignation that Bill Pratt refers to one, which he alleges was formed by a few Irishmen, to take away from him the occupation of sawing wood and carrying coal. "Never," he exclaims, with great vehemence, at the end of his speeches on this subject, "will I quit sawing wood till I lie cold beneath the sod!"—*Vidette.*

—An unusally large number of Seniors at Yale intend studying for the ministry next year.

—The length of some of the sermons, delivered in the College Chapel, indicates a desire on the part of the preachers to realize the place

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."—*Courant.*

—The Freshman Class of Brown University numbers about seventy.

—The death of a young man of the following description is reported in an exchange: "He was estimable, pious, a true Christian, and was by far the best base ball short-stop in these regions."

—Messrs. Horace Wilson and M. M. Scott recently sailed from San Francisco to Yokohama. They go to fill positions as teachers in the Imperial College of Yeddo, the institution with which Rev. P. T. Veeder is connected. Mr. Veeder was formerly of Union College, Schenectady, and afterward of the San Francisco City College. —*Courant.*

—The November number of the *Phrenological Journal* contains a portrait of and an article on Dr. McCosh, the President of Princeton.

—Dr. Buckland declines the Presidency of Shurtleff College.

—The *College Argus* gives the following good advice to the Freshmen of Wesleyan University. It applies as well to our own "men of '75:"

Don't smoke. Do not play billiards. Don't be out late nights, and especially do not go home with the servant girls. Do not borrow charcoal, but always lend willingly. Drink no lager. Take off your hat in the presence of the professors. Do not cheer the Seniors in chapel. Do not sit up and watch for the Sophs, it may lead to some bad end. Do not go bareheaded nor walk out in your slippers, especially if it is a rainy day. Finally, be virtuous and you will be happy.

—Not long since a Junior Theologue went to a neighboring village to preach, and, expecting to hold forth but once, took with him only one sermon. At the close of the morning service he learned that he was to preach in the evening also. Imagine his consternation! He had no other sermon; he could not preach *extempore.* But his cheek did not fail him! Oh, no! In the evening, when the preliminaries were gone through, he rose and said: "There seems to be considerable misunderstanding in the minds of some of the brethren in regard to certain parts of the morning discourse, and, in order to do away with that, I will now repeat that sermon."—*Madisonensis.*

—This is almost equalled by a student divine living nearer home. Being similarly situated, he chose his text, went through with two chapel orations, and closed with a prayer-meeting.—*Tripod.*

—It is proposed at Yale to publish a pamphlet containing all the prize essays and orations of the year.

—The *Chronicle* says that the Professor of Geology in Chicago University has "stuck" on the question, "Were there bugs in the carboniferous beds." It is evident that if there are any, they must be bed-bugs.

—William Cullen Bryant, while in College, translated Anacreon's "Ode to Spring," which Moore had previously versified. His chum, Avery, submitted the two versions to two members of the Junior Class, without the names of their respective authors. The two important judges, who would not allow that Bryant (who was in the class below) was a poet, mistook Bryant's for Moore's, but gave the latter some kind commendation: "it was well done," they said, "though inferior to the other."—*Williams Vidette.*

—The New York *Sun*, in vain attempts to supply the "popular demand," gives us, in a two-line item, a "full" report of the Commencement Exercises, whilst in the same issue it caters to a two-and-a-half column article on the "full" report of "The Recent Cock Fight." In another number it does up UNION'S Commencement in a stingy "three-liner," but wastes three columns on horse-racing. Verily, Chas. A. hath become quite a sport, and though once the distinguished editor of the *American Cyclopædia*, has become a cyclopædia of "fast"-nesses—a *shame* to the American people.

—The Senior Class at Williams College have voted not to allow ladies to attend Dr. Hopkins' lecture on the "Catechism," giving as their excuse that the presence of ladies would prevent freedom of discussion.

—The Senior Class at Amherst propose to have each member write his autobiography and deposit it with the Class Secretary to assist him in future years in writing obituary notices. Cheerful.

—A Sophomore ode to his washer-woman—$3.50.—*Ex.*

—A Monmouth student advertises in the *Courier:* "Will the fellow who stole my hat at the college sociable oblige me by wearing the same in broad daylight?

—Why is a Professor like a locomotive? Because you have to "look out" for him when the bell rings.—*Courier.*

—It is said that the Prince of Wales hasn't read a book since he left college.

—The students at Wesleyan University are obliged to attend church but once each Sabbath. Wesleyan has the start of Union in that *one* respect if in no other.

—The Seniors at Amherst are taking optionals this term instead of geology. Some of our Seniors say "Oh! for some *optionals* in place of optics and chemistry."

—Bowdoin has taken a "new departure." The Lewiston *Journal* says in regard to it: "The College courses will culminate in several distinct schools: 1. Letters—Comprising languages, ancient and modern, including the Oriental, with their literatures; history; philosophy; the fine arts. 2. Science—The application of chemistry, physical and natural history. 3. Engineering—Topographical, hydrographical, mechanical and military. 4. Medicine—Embodying the 'Medical School of Maine,' as it is now constituted, with enlarged facilities. A school of law will be added should there be a demand."

—A member of '75 anxiously inquired of a Sophomore last Sunday where the College Sunday School was held. That man is likely to be a class deacon if he continues in this way.—*Courant.*

—A Senior at Yale has, according to the *Courant*, turned his bedroom into a first-class workshop, furnished with tools, turning-lathe, steam-engine and the like.

—Muskingum College, Ohio, conferred a D. D. on its own President last June.

—A student of Yale attended a down-east camp-meeting and asked the prayers of the assembly because he "could not sit down to a meal without eating three times as much as he ought."—*Courier.*

—Will. M. Carlton, whose home ballads have so recently attained intense popularity, graduated at Hillsdale College, Mich., in 1869. He is the son of a farmer, and is only twenty-four years of age.

—A Delaware shop keeper displays a card in his window announcing that he is in the "2th Pike" business.

—The Clarke Institution at Northampton, opened its Fall term with forty pupils.

—We learn from the Troy *Press* that a student at the Troy Polytechnic has struck an idea of perpetual motion. He incloses a common wick in an air-tight tube of elliptical form, partially filled with liquor, and arranges the wick in such a manner that capillary attraction draws the fluid from one end of the tube to the other. The design is ample but cannot be explained without an illustration.

—The *Star* says that a Mr. Clute of this place found an egg in his hen-house last September, on the shell of which was plainly defined the letter "c."

—President Maury of the University of Alabama, has resigned.

—Mr. Pardee of Hazelton, Pa., recently gave $200.000 to Lafayette College for the erection of a new building for the scientific department, the trustees agreeing to raise an equal sum for general endowment.

—William B. Goodrich, a medical student of Jacksonville, Mo., recently sacrificed himself to the cause of science. He was in the habit of experimenting on himself with aconite and other poisons, and this time took an overdose.

Some of our Juniors are of the opinion that Professor Foster intends to *sacrifice them to the cause of science* this year, judging from the way he is "putting them through."

—There is a college in Iowa where the students govern the institution, and have a sort of court-martial to try offenders. There are five young men and two young women on the court, and its judgments are heeded by all the students. Justice is tempered with mercy, and the female court-martialists exercise a most healthful influence.

Why not try the same thing at Union?

—The *Globe* gives us the following song for sentimentalists. It wouldn't make a bad ending for a Sophomore's oration:

If never I cease to love,
  The moon may change her hue,
And 'mid the stars above
  The sun no more burn blue.
Among the woodland trees,
  The whales may cease to love,
And oysters at their ease,
  May keep their beds in peace.

If never I cease to love,
  The cows may catch the croup,
While of the turtle dove,
  Lord Mayors no more make soup.
The frogs may plough the main,
  The tigers soar above,
The rain-beams cease to reign,
  If never I cease to love.

—It is proposed to move the Geneva Medical College to Syracuse.

—The Harvard Law School Faculty are discussing an application from a young lady to become a student at that institution.

—Cornell has over 700 students.

—Miami has a President *pro tem*—Professor Hepburn.

—A Rutgers Freshman is six feet and four inches in hight. He has to get out of bed to turn over.—*Courier.*

—Freshman Class at Cornell numbers 214; at Harvard, 173; University of Michigan, 195.

—Professor Porter was inaugurated President of Yale October 11th. Our President will be inaugurated at the next Commencement.

—Junior looking for rooms was slightly astonished at the following remark from a gushing landlady to whom he confided his wishes: "Oh! you'd just do to go with my daughter Ellen!"—*Michigan Chronicle.*

—Of the 275 Colleges in the United States there are only sixteen that have libraries exceeding 20,000 volumes.

—President of Columbia College receives $8.000 and the Professors $6.000; the largest salaries paid by any college in this country.

—Monmouth has 127 students.

—The *Courant* says, in regard to the Princeton Row:

"The facts as nearly as we have been able to obtain them are as follows: Eight members of the Sophomore class were expelled for hazing. How great the misdemeanor or how just the sentence, we do not know. In any case the ensuing action of the class was inexcusably foolish. They determined not to go into college exerises until the faculty restored their classmates and sent word to the President to that effect. The reply was that if the class would sign a pledge to refrain from every species of hazing, the matter of restoring the expelled would be considered. Instead of taking this course, the class persisted in 'cutting' everything until seeing that the faculty were not likely to be moved, some of the rebels returned."

—Five cadets have been publicly expelled from the Naval Academy at Annapolis for hazing.

—Query: When will persons about to get aboard of a train of cars wait until the passengers who have reached their journey's end have alighted, before they rush pell mell up the steps?

—"Four Years at Yale" intimates that "mild bumming is rather popular" at that noted seat of learning. The *Yale Courant*, speaking on the subject, says: "The impression abroad in reference to the prevalence of drinking habits among us is strangely untrue."

"When doctors disagree, etc."

—There have been two hundred and ten applicants for admission to Michigan University, one hundred and ninety-five of whom go to the Freshman Class. Ladies, eighteen.—*The Chronicle.*

—At a recent school examination, a young urchin being asked why it was so warm in the torid zone, replied promptly "because it was so hot."

—The annual income of the College of Oxford is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or about three-quarters of a million dollars.—*Ex.*

—The latest cant phrases in Wesleyan University are: "This must be the house," and "It makes it more bindin'."

—Fifty Juniors in Yale have chosen Calculus in preference to Greek.—*College Courant.*

—Princeton has, in less than three years, received gifts amounting to $323,700, and is still clamoring for more.

A DIALOGUE OF THE RECITATION ROOM:

Professor—Is perspicuity absolute or relative?
Student (very promptly)—Relative.
P.—Why?
S.—Don't know, sir.
P—Well, how did you know it was? Next!—*Vidette.*

—The annual expense of a college student in this country ranges from $225 to $1,500. Including the preparatory course, the average cost of a collegiate education is $5,000—*Reporter.*

—Fifty American colleges admit women.

—Dr. Potter, the new President of Union College, recently rescued a young lady from drowning at the seaside, and then attempted to conceal his identity as her preserver.—*Vidette.*

—Scene—History Examination. Question: "Give the several names of the leaders of the various crusades." Answer: "Can't think of but two, *Mahomet and Peter the Great.*"—*Era.*

—At Heidelberg, in Germany, there is not a language, ancient or modern, without its competent professor to teach it to all comers. A Japanese student unable to speak a word of German found there on his arrival a teacher able to converse with him and give him lessons through the medium of his own language.—*Ex.*

—In France there are over 300 colleges, not one of which admits women students.

—The man who came here to enter the "epidemic department," still survives.—*Qui Vive.*

—The barbers of Ann Arbor are disgusted with Dr. Angell, President of Michigan University. He is bald.

—A good rule for students: Never do any work before breakfast. If it is necessary to work before breakfast, have your breakfast first. —*College World.*

—A lustful Turk has packed his wordly goods, consisting of a pound of opium, a meerschaum pipe, and a scimetar and started for the Amherst Agricultural College.—*Chronicle.*

—The Sophomores at Amherst hire darkies to wear the Freshmen's Class Oxfords, and then engage in the pastime of defending the gentlemen of color from assaults by the insulted Freshmen.

—A Freshman, in a fit of despair before the Professor's frown, translated the line "O te, Bolane, cerebri felicem," "O! for some tea, and bologne, and the brains of a cat."—*Denison Collegian*

—A Freshman looking for board, coolly entered an open door, and in lieu of a door bell rang a large dinner bell. He then took off his cap, sat down, and quietly awaited the entrance of the mistress of the house.—*Chronicle.*

—The Sophomore Class at Cornell recently expelled a member for tale-bearing to the Faculty. Served him right.

—E. M. Jenkins, our Registrar and Assistant Treasurer, is Recorder of the city instead of Alderman, as stated in another place.

—J. L. Lovell takes the class pictures at Williams.

—The *College Argus* contains something similar to the following: If it is sixteen miles from Schenectady to Albany, how many ladies, dressed in modern style, will it require to make the entire distance? *Ans.*—Sixteen: because a Miss is as good as a mile.

—How were our first parents taken out of the Garden of Eden? *Ans.*—"Snaked out."

—Since the announcement in reference to the size of the Freshman Classes at Princeton and Harvard, prayers for "other educational institutions" have been less fervent in chapel. We felt sure it was going too far.—*Courant.*

—The Presbyterians are to establish an academy in Salt Lake City. No students with more than one wife will be admitted to the honors of a first-class diploma.

—The *Galaxy* gives the following from recent college examination papers. It does not say at what institutions they were offered:

1. *From Latin Reader.*—Crocodilus parit tria ova.
Candidate's Translation.—The crocodile brings forth three sheep.
2. *Line from Horace.*—Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens.
Candidate's Translation.—The park of the gods was frequently not cultivated.
3. (*Oral Specimen*). *Examining Tutor.*—What are the divisions of the science of mathematics?
Sophomore.—Statistics and dynastics.

SCENE IN RECITATION IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Professor: "Sir Isaac Newton used to say that the world was so porous that if it were compressed into a perfectly solid mass it would not occupy more than a cubic inch of space." Student, anxiously: "But supposing such an event occurred, Professor, where would Isaac be?" Professor, thoughtfully: "*Standing out on the pores, I presume.*"—*Qui Vive.*

—Gen. Chamberlain is the new President of Bowdoin. The College has adopted a scientific course, and has been presented with a fine altitude and azimuth instrument by the United States Coast Survey Department.—*Ex.*

—The English declamation and composition prizes at Trinity College, University of Cambridge, have been awarded to an American—George Lochart Rives, of Virginia.—*Vidette.*

—Messrs. Wiseman & Seymour will publish our Senior Catalogue.

—The Freshman Class at Dartmouth numbers 75; at Bowdoin, 53; at Princeton, 72.

—A student in Greek History not long since stated that "the habit of having two kings in Sparta arose from the fact that one king had twin sons born to him, and this custom was from that time maintained in the Spartan realm."—*Ex.*

Old but applicable. *Ques.*—What did Prof. ——— preach about at the College Chapel this afternoon? *Ans*—About two hours.—*Courant.*

—Iowa University has put its handsomest foot forward—a lady's foot, of course—in throwing open its doors in all its departments to females.

—It is reported that Schenectady will have a course of lectures this winter afterall. Hope so.

—As a rule, students don't sleep enough.

—Of the twenty-one races rowed between Yale and Harvard crews from 1852 to 1870, seven were won by Yale and fourteen by Harvard. The race of 1870 cost the Yale crew more than $2,000. The estimated annual expenses of Yale for boating purposes are about $4,000. Those of Harvard are probably as much more. The Yale crew will hereafter be selected from the whole college.—*Chronicle.*

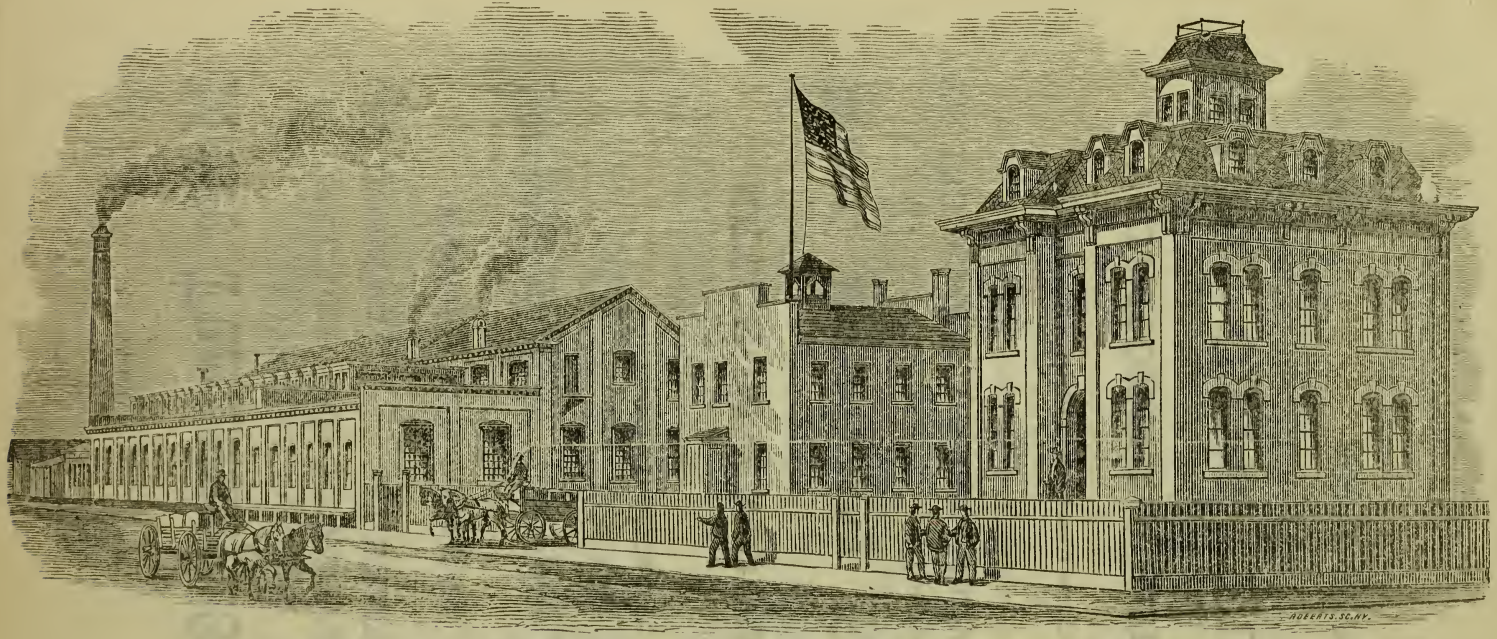
—The Cornell Sophomores interfered seriously with the Freshmen when the latter were holding their election for class officers. The Sophs mingled with the innocents, and some of the more ambitious actually got themselves nominated for Freshmen offices. It slightly disturbed the dignity of the meeting when the nominee for Vice-President, who was discovered to be a Sophomore, was towed out by the ear.—*Chronicle.*

—G. D. Slocum, '72, has joined the Sons of Temperance.

—A long and interesting letter from C. H. Leonard, '72, reached us too late for insertion in this number. Will publish it in the next.

—The M. E. Church Fair at Union Hall is well attended by the students. Each one buys an egg and a glass of lemonade.

—It is reported that the Masons will hold a fair at the Arsenal this winter. Good. Keep the ball a rolling.



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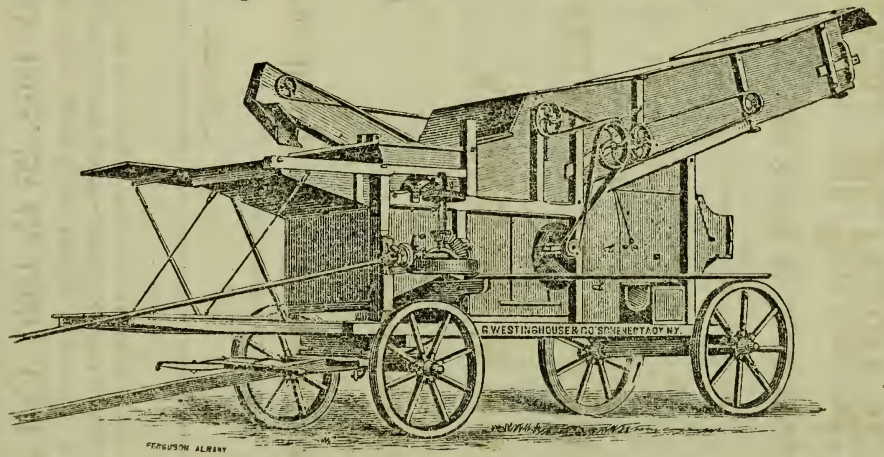

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